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Vol. CXCIX, No. 2603
DECEMBER 24, 1949

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Volume CXCIX No. 2603 The SPHERE, London, December 24, 1949

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

CAROLS FOR THE KING—THE CHORISTERS OF THE ROYAL PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE, SANDRINGHAM, WHO WILL SING BEFORE THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE CHRISTMAS-DAY SERVICES: The Rev. H. E. Anderson, Domestic Chaplain to the King, is leaving the vestry behind his choir. In the background gleams the Silver Altar

The choristers of the Royal Parish Church of St. Mary Magdalene, on the King's Sandringham estate, are for the most part Royal estate workers, and nearly all of them belong to families well known to "The Squire of Sandringham." Throughout the first weeks of December the choristers have been rehearsing their carols in readiness for to-morrow's services and other occasions at Christmastide when they will be heard. The church of St. Mary Magdalene is one of the greatest historic interest, for there is hardly a feature of the building that does not constitute a memorial to a member of the House of Windsor or which has not been the gift of a member of the Royal Family. Further pictures of "Sandringham's Royal Church" will be found on page 465 of this issue.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, with Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Christmas 1949.—To all readers, very old friends and critics, or new, a Happy Christmas and a Happy New Year. Within the compass of the twelve months ahead, we shall have had a General Election and a new Government, and I dare say a number of other jolts or pleasant surprises. But this is not a time for party propaganda. The Christmas holidays, if ever, is a time for truce and kindly reflection and actions. There is indeed plenty of food for the mind (and thanks to our sister-nations of the Commonwealth quite enough to tempt the palate). We might do worse than exercise our minds on the value of the Christmas ethic in modern political and social life. We may be pretty sure that our vicars will help us to do so. They have a strong case, never stronger; never before more easy to be proved to the hilt by persuasive argument. I have found the year 1949 peculiarly black. The tenth of a succession of grim years and of years of hope deferred. Must the road wind uphill all the way? It is not time to argue whether we might by wiser courses have mitigated our present economic and political difficulties. For it is truce time. But that time is apt to consider if our occasional depression of spirit might have been mitigated by the exercise of a little more charity, industry, common honesty and *restraint*. Take restraint. Suppose that, last Christmas, party leaders had made a good resolution to spare a minute or two for editing the things they propose to say, the speeches and messages they write, and had *kept their resolutions*, would their own parties to-day be in a worse position in public estimate? Would the common people have less respect for public life? Would the nation be more, or less, muddled? Take one instance—from the Opposition side:

The Choice of a Word.—Lord Woolton dashed off these words to Bradford electors: "I hope electors will clearly demonstrate their disgust at Socialist mismanagement by returning you [Mr. Windle] with a large majority." Suppose he had read his message over again and substituted *disappointment* for *disgust*. Would that amendment have lost Mr. Windle a single vote? I doubt it. I fancy it might have gained him a waverer. Or if Messrs. Bevan, Shinwell, Morrison, Dalton had done ditto *passim* throughout the past year and retrenched a *vermin* here and a *dirt* there, would England to-day be a worse place to live in? I doubt it. And if (as one more example) all those tradesmen whose trained skill entitles them to mend our pipes, cisterns, cars, engines and what not, had accepted a trusteeship on their labour and resolved to charge us, not what they reckoned we could pay and *would* pay for the job, but what economically (with a fair profit to themselves) we ought to pay, would our relations one with another be less sweet or more sweet to-day? Sweeter, I believe. All these suggestions, specifically or by implication, are, I believe, catalogued in the Sermon on the Mount, which is still a lively and practical tract of the times. And, when I said that the vicars never had a better case to argue from the pulpit, I felt it, I meant it, I believe it. Yes, *even a journalist* might profit from listening to the parson's saw or from reading that greater Sermon which is the parson's text. But—it is argued—never was the bulk of the population better off than it is to-day. Just so, or perhaps so. But Christmas and New Year wishes soar to perfection and ideals. And I believe the bulk of the population could be happier still if they listened to the "parson's saw" and went away to translate it into practice.

We Chose Freedom.—New Zealand and Australia have given their verdicts. They have both been a long time arriving at them. It may be possible to get back freedom, initiative, and that fierce individualism which made the British Empire, in a young and vigorous country like Australia, after thirty years of Socialist rule. But it's not so easy in an old country like ours. Ten years of regimentation and inspection and emasculation and spoon-feeding will be all the time that is required to kill our native virtues, if indeed, the trick has not been done in five years. In old age, the resilience of youth is not *there* to enable a patient to throw off all traces of his illness. The best school for individual initiative, for freedom and for manhood, is the open spaces. In the desert a man must be his own leader, must think, plan and act for himself. In crowds, he is one of a crowd and loses his urge to think for himself. The curse of our island is over-population, living in crowds. It, and the expedients of Government to produce some sort of order in the congestion, are costing us our manhood and individual rigour. We have parted with our personal leadership and cry out for a lead. And our trouble is that the cry is nowhere answered. The Socialists fear us as voters and despise us as a rabble. They are too anxious to win our votes to venture on courageous leadership. The Conservatives have a wonderful chance to-day on the morrow of the Australasian swing-overs. But they keep their feet carefully planted in two worlds. They offer lip service to "democracy," and dare not speak out what is in their hearts. This old country—because it is so old—is not yet fit for the experiment of the Socialist State. It has such a load of tradition to forget. Because it is too old, it cannot recover from the experiment if it lasts too long and ends in failure. They woo the electors with the words of Socialism, they use the weapons of the age of privilege in their local election campaigns. There is not the slightest fear that under any Government the people will lose their gains in social security. The election lie that the Tories will attack the power of the Unions, if they win the election, is childish nonsense. The Tories' one hope of success is to win the Unions' support and co-operation. What is good in Socialism is here for ever. It is as firmly secure in Australia and New Zealand. It is what is bad in Socialism that has been at last rejected down-under—loss of manhood, a man's individual freedom and initiative, his incentive to work and rise and benefit his family by his brains and exertions, the damnable doctrine of the dead-level and of the right to prosper by laziness and ca'canny. Down-under, after thirty years of trial, they have discovered the fallacies and realised what they have given away. Is it too late—or is it too early—for England to do ditto? I wish I were sure. I should feel more confident if I saw the shadow of leadership on the horizon. For, unlike our fathers, "we be leaderless men." Leadership is not in us or above us. We are wooed with doles and flattered for our votes, and when we have given them, we revert to slavery and its legacies.

Next Year's Polo.—It must be an expensive game, this polo, a game I love to watch. What courage, what resource (and, indeed, resources) must they have who in England to-day are reviving the game, and what a debt we owe them. For it's a delightful game to watch on a fine summer afternoon round a green field in a lovely setting of parkland. They tell me that to-day a first-rate trained pony may cost £2,000 or more in England. There were few enough left in 1945. Lord Cowdray has since then built up a fine string, and the clubs which played last year at Cowdray are doing ditto. And now it is announced that Mr. A. Watson has brought to England from Bagdad thirty-three Arab ponies for his club at Orford, Suffolk. They travelled in air-borne horse-boxes. Certainly this suggests *robur et æs triplex*—courage and brass of all kinds. It looks as if polo in the summer of 1950 will be even more interesting and widespread than last year. For I believe an Argentine team will return our recent visit, and will be based on Cowdray Park for a part of the summer. That is good news for Midhurst and West Sussex. Before the play starts seriously, we shall have had a General Election. I wonder who the new Chancellor will be, and what proportion of our income he will allow us.

On, Stanley, On!—The alert was sounded last week all along our stations on the South Coast. It was rumoured that Sidney Stanley was on his way home to the dear old homeland for Christmas. He left this country last April, and he is always a news story and often in the news. I do not like his face. I hope it is fairly fair comment to express this personal opinion. His rumoured return to us may be but a mare's-nest. It was taken seriously, which suggests that perhaps the authorities do not welcome him as *persona grata* or as a foreign V.I.P. But perhaps he was returning to make a personal payment on account of income-tax arrears, a friendly gesture at Christmas-time. Anyway, "they say" that if he lands, he will be treated as the Government's guest at one or other of the Government's hospitality centres (at £18 a day all found, downwards). If he doesn't land, I shan't let it spoil my Christmas recess.

HUBBUB IN PARLIAMENT OVER THE BUXTON MEMORIAL—**THE CELEBRATED MONUMENT IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE COMMEMORATING THE ACHIEVEMENT OF SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, WHO SECURED THE PASSAGE IN 1833 OF THE BILL WHICH ABOLISHED SLAVERY THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH EMPIRE: Under the Parliament Square (Improvements) Bill it seemed probable that the memorial might be moved from the Square, and as a result Lord Simon and other peers moved an amendment to safeguard the memorial. The debate was lively in the extreme, and the Marquess of Reading urged that such a vital matter should not be left to the sole discretion of a Minister.** Viscount Simon eventually agreed to a modification of his amendment, but even then events in the Commons nearly robbed him of the satisfaction of knowing that the final decision would rest with Parliament. Mr. Key, Minister of Works, asked the House of Commons to reject the arrangement made in the Upper House, but he was not allowed to prevail, and this disavowal by a junior Minister in the Commons of an amendment accepted on behalf of the Government by such a senior Minister as Lord Addison actually became the subject of an apology by Mr. Key. There the matter rests

"Dirty Coal."—The Northern Divisional Coal Board has eaten dirt and retracted an article entitled "Wasted Effort" issued in their news-sheet circulated to 200 pits in their area. In that article they wrote: "Of the output for week ended, 96,767 tons, 10 per cent. of the total was classed as unsaleable. This was not coal, but rubbish. The constant cry for cleaner coal is not just another racket." The miners in the area have been doing splendid work, and some of them were pained, pained to the point of contemplating action or inaction. The Board acted with panic swiftness. They ate humble pie. They declared that the article was intended to show their high appreciation. But they did not say that 100 per cent. of the coal was clean. It remains to assume that 10 per cent. of that output *was* rubbish. The fault perhaps lay with the machines or the lack of them. But some proportion of unusable dirt reached the public via the distributors, and was paid for as good fuel at a very high price. If the cry of the public for cleaner coal is not a racket—and it surely is not—it is not unreasonable to circularise among the workers the percentage of filth which comes to the surface. If it is not the miners' fault, but due to lack of modern equipment, what a numskull method was employed to bring the facts home.

"The Strand."—In the life of a man who cares above all for reading, there are youthful memories which never die; vivid to the end as on the distant days when the experiences were registered. It does not matter that literary tastes alter with advancing years—the author that afforded a thrill in boyhood remains a hero. *Rodney Stone*, bought by me in 1896 for six shillings at Tiverton's station bookstall, gave me an enchanted journey to Paddington. *St. Ives*—with all its faults—remains for me a classic. Yet Doyle was not of the first rank, and Stevenson wrote much better books. And so with the *Strand Magazine*, which can no longer "pay its way" with 100,000 readers and great advertisement revenue and a glorious tradition behind it built up in sixty years. What memories, what regrets! That monthly thrill for ever ahead—what would be the next adventure of the incomparable Holmes? What laughs would Jacobs offer, what new worlds would Wells open out? Would the candle last out before a boy reader, snuggled down in bed, had turned the last page of the new December *Strand*? The giants joined in with the writers of ordinary height. Kipling did not hold away. But somehow my boyish memories centre on the lesser magicians. Grant Allen and his *Miss Cayley*, for instance, and was there not a partnership of L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace? Were these the creators of the *Brotherhood of the Seven Kings* (?), and was there an episode when a priceless crystal vase (containing a code or secret fatal to the brotherhood) was shattered by a chord, or discord, played by a "packed" orchestra? That thrill which shattered the vase still rings in my deaf ear; and, right or wrong, I attribute it to the old *Strand*. *Ave atque Vale*. Austerity might have spared the *Strand* and taken instead some Hollywood thrillers and Pool betting.

THE OLD STAGER

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD WITH ANCIENT CEREMONY AT THE CUTLERS' HALL : The Master of the Cutlers' Company, Mr. Leslie Gordon Welch, receives the Mustard Pot, which heads the procession, from the Page. The ceremony was the first of its kind to be held since 1938 at the Cutlers' Hall in Warwick Lane, E.C.4, and was attended by the Lord Mayor of London. The colourful ceremony culminated in the procession of white-clad chefs and trumpeter escort to the boar's head, followed by choirboys from St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Leslie Gordon Welch, in his speech, explained the history of the ancient custom and welcomed the guests, who had not assembled there since the war

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD

Ancient and Royal Occasions Before the Christmas Holiday

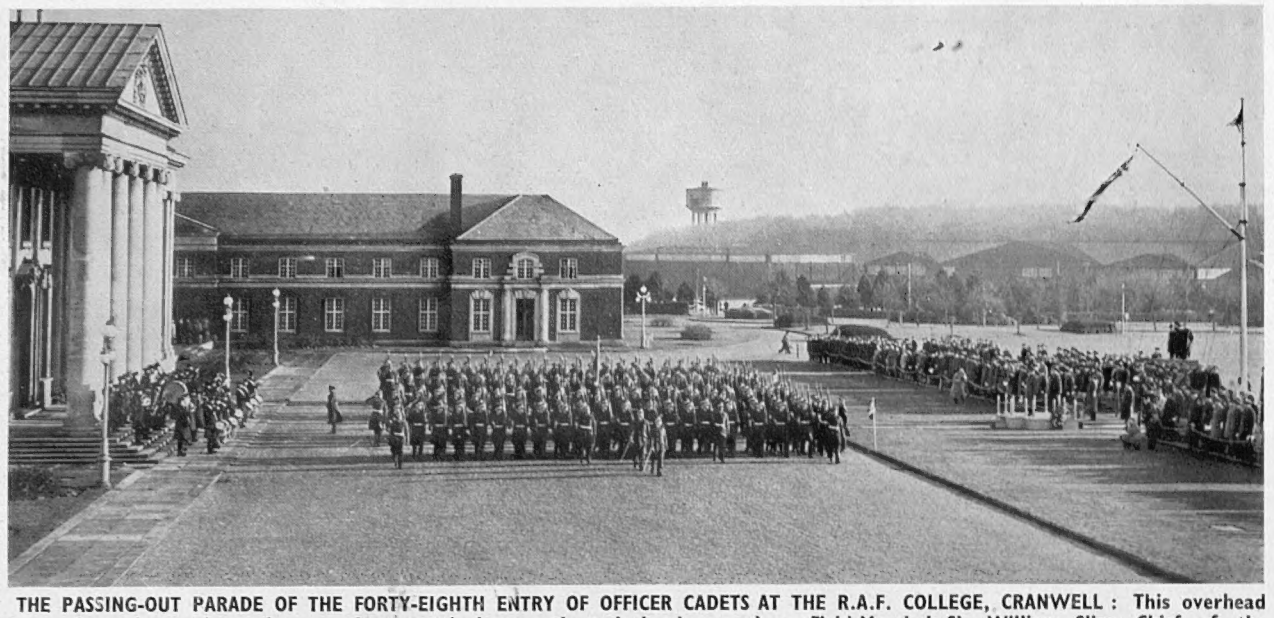
CARVING THE BOAR'S HEAD AT THE CUTLERS' HALL BANQUET : The chef, Mr. Frank Witherick, cuts a slice from the boar's head which was garnished in the traditional manner and with an orange in its mouth

THE QUEEN VISITS THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK : Queen Elizabeth talks to Mr. John William Brown, of Chelsea, who won a first-class award for his embroidery. Queen Elizabeth was making her first visit to the new premises of the Royal School of Needlework at 25, Prince's Gate. The President of the School, Princess Alice, apologised to Her Majesty for having to walk up and down several flights of stairs because the lift was out of order. Princess Alice asked the Queen's "kind help in persuading some generous donor to set the lift right by the time she visited the School again"

PRINCESS MARGARET CUTS THE CHRISTMAS CAKE AT THE ANNUAL "NOT FORGOTTEN" ASSOCIATION PARTY AT THE ROYAL RIDING SCHOOL IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE : The Princess, attended by Miss Jennifer Bevan, made the customary Royal attendance at the afternoon Christmas Party. She wore a corded red matching hat and coat and a floral design brooch. Princess Margaret talked to many of the disabled ex-Service men of the Association before she left. The cakes were presented by the Princess Royal, who is Patroness of the Association

Passing-out Parades AT SANDHURST AND CRANWELL

The pre-Christmas passing-out parades of the Royal Air Force cadets at Cranwell and the British Army cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, always have one thing in common, the accent on perfect turn-out, with spotlessly whitened belts, rifle-slings, belts and bayonet-frogs. This year they had a second thing in common, the fact that the salute at the march-past at Cranwell and Sandhurst was taken by the same officer, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. At Sandhurst, Sir William addressed the cadets after their passing-out parade, and spoke of the qualities that go to the making of an officer, particularly self-sacrifice. He reminded them that in the British Army there are no good or bad battalions, only good or bad officers.

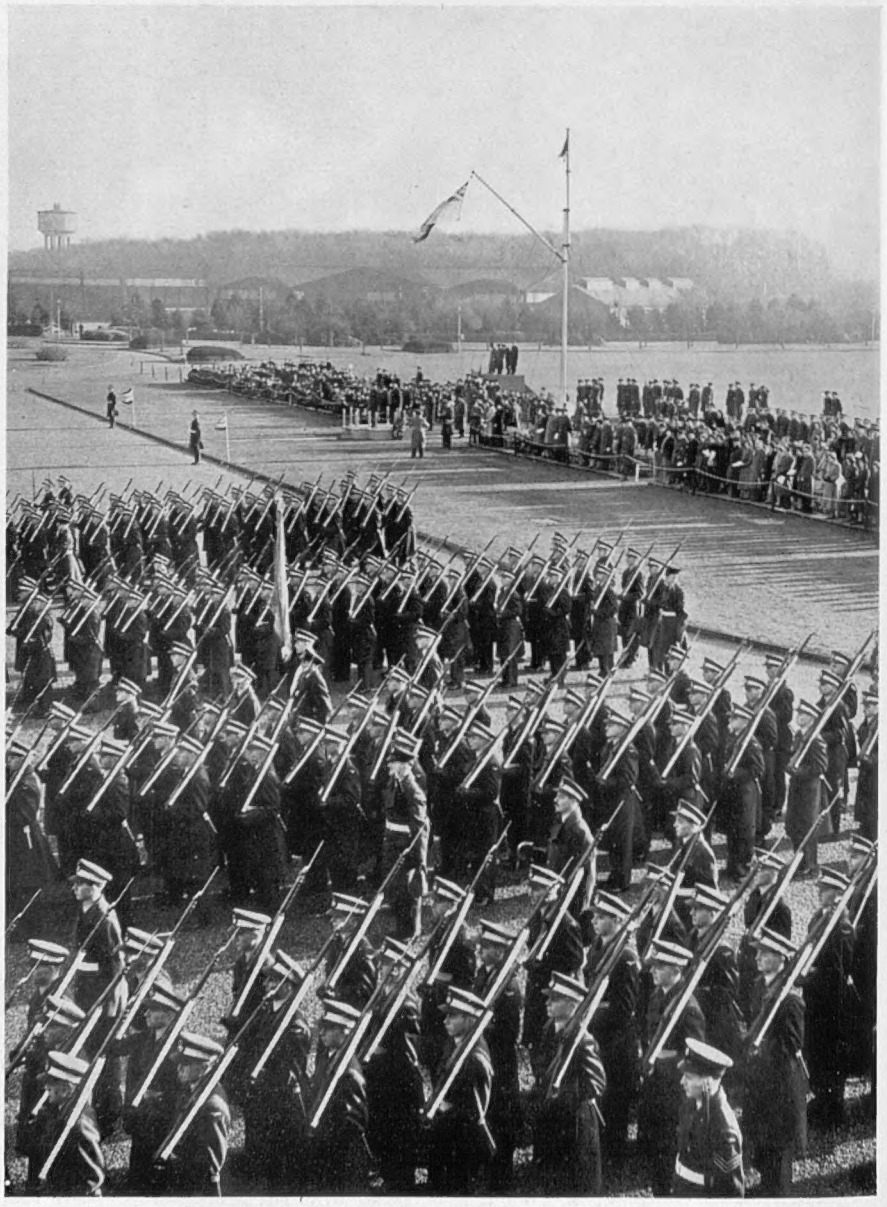


THE PASSING-OUT PARADE OF THE FORTY-EIGHTH ENTRY OF OFFICER CADETS AT THE R.A.F. COLLEGE, CRANWELL: This overhead view shows the cadets as they marched past the saluting-base, where Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, took the salute. On the following day Sir William visited the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst

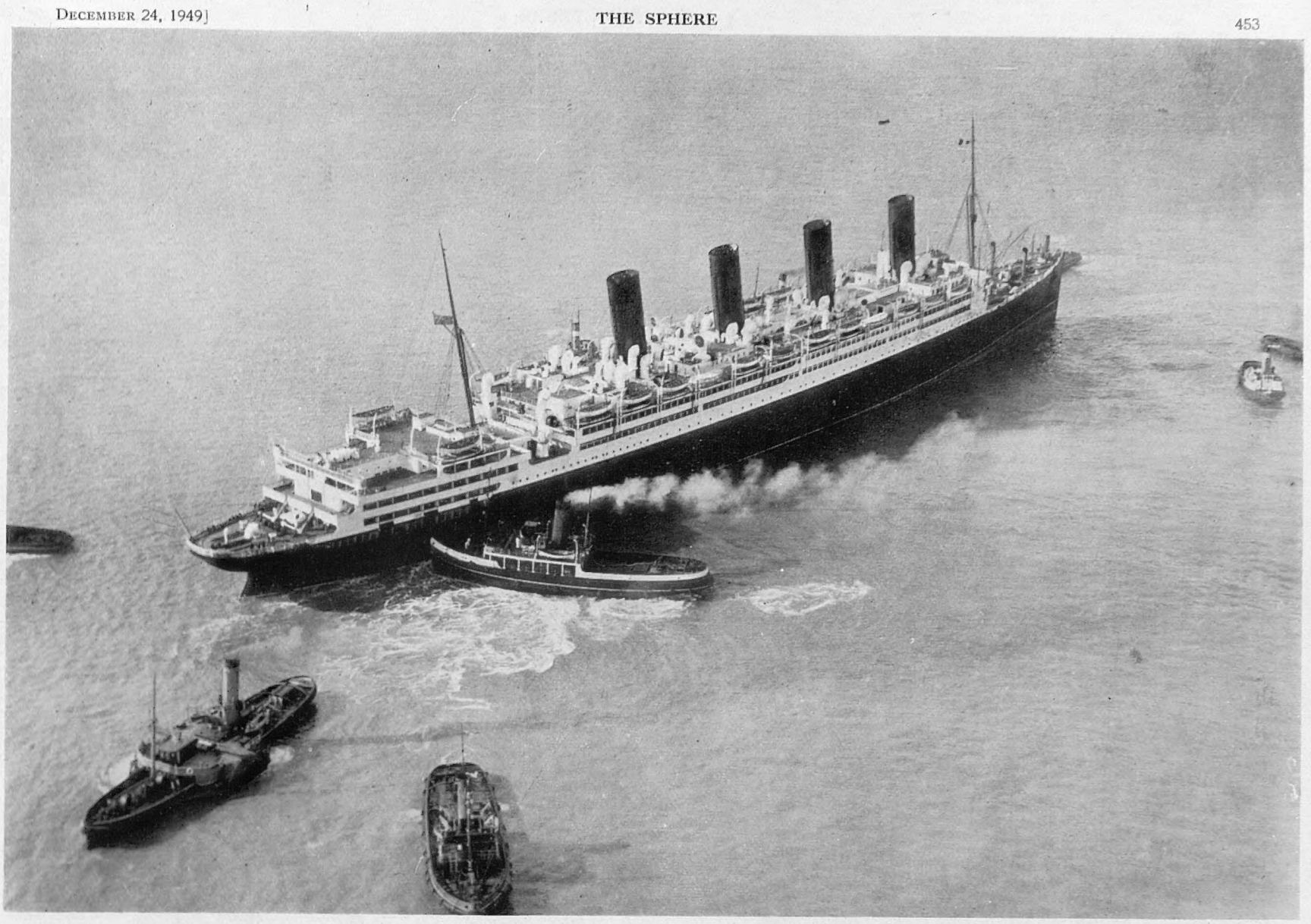
LED BY THE ADJUTANT ON A WHITE HORSE: Cadets give eyes right at the Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. On the right of the line marched the Champion Company, carrying the King George V Banner

THE C.I.G.S. AT THE CRANWELL SALUTING-BASE: Field-Marshal Sir William Slim with the Commandant of Cranwell, Air Commodore G. R. Beamish. Sir William has just returned from America where he visited West Point Military Academy

INSPECTING THE SANDHURST CADETS: The Chief of the Imperial General Staff, passing down the ranks. The cadets wore battledress, with blue berets, and their waist-belts, bayonet-frogs and rifle-slings showed spotlessly white



CRANWELL'S GRADUATION PARADE: Here again spotlessly white rifle-slings were the order of the day, also white belts and bayonet-frogs. White hat-bands are an additional complication for R.A.F. cadets at this important graduation parade



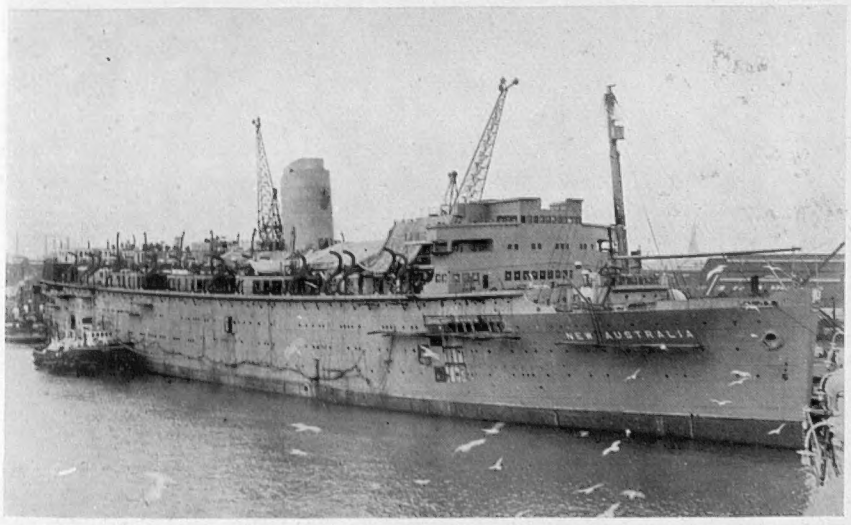
AFTER THE "AQUITANIA'S" LAST VOYAGE: *Left*—Boatman James Purvis, who has worked in the Cunard White Star liner during her past three years seen removing ship's lifebelts as the vessel docked at Southampton for the last time. *Right*—Piles upon piles of plates being stacked on the quayside by members of the Chief Steward's Department

THE "AQUITANIA" TO BE WITHDRAWN FROM ACTIVE SERVICE: The celebrated Cunard White Star liner, the last of the four-funnelled vessels on the Western Ocean, which now finishes her career after thirty-five years at sea. During her long service this 45,000-ton liner carried nearly 1,200,000 passengers and steamed 3,000,000 miles. The "Aquitania" has served the Allied cause in two world wars

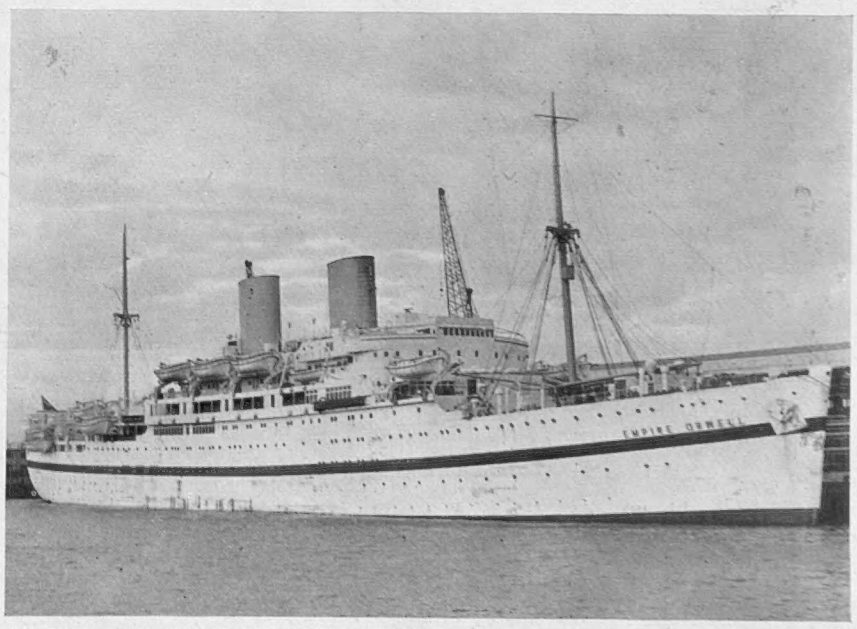
FAREWELL to the "AQUITANIA"

And a New Life for the *Monarch of Bermuda*

Although never as fast as the *Mauretania*, and not as large as the *Berengaria*, the *Majestic* or "the Queens," the *Aquitania* was for thirty-five years one of the most remarkable ships on the Western Ocean, and her passing will be regretted by all who knew her comfort and spaciousness and her reliability in the midst of rough Atlantic weather. The *Aquitania* was built by John Brown and Co. in 1914, but only three round Transatlantic voyages were completed before she was commissioned first as an armed cruiser, then as a troop transport, and later as a hospital ship. On her release from Government service the *Aquitania* was converted from coal to oil burning, and throughout the '20's and '30's made 291 Atlantic crossings. In the Second World War the *Aquitania* was a most successful troop transport.



THE "MONARCH OF BERMUDA" TAKES NEW SHAPE AS AN IMMIGRANT SHIP: The former Queen of the New York-Bermuda run, which was burnt out in dry dock at Hebburn-on-Tyne in March, 1947, seen at Southampton, where she is in the final stages of conversion into an immigrant ship. Bearing her new name, *New Australia*, the 26,000-ton vessel will make her maiden voyage in April 1950. The *Monarch of Bermuda* had three funnels and two masts. *New Australia* has one funnel and one mast



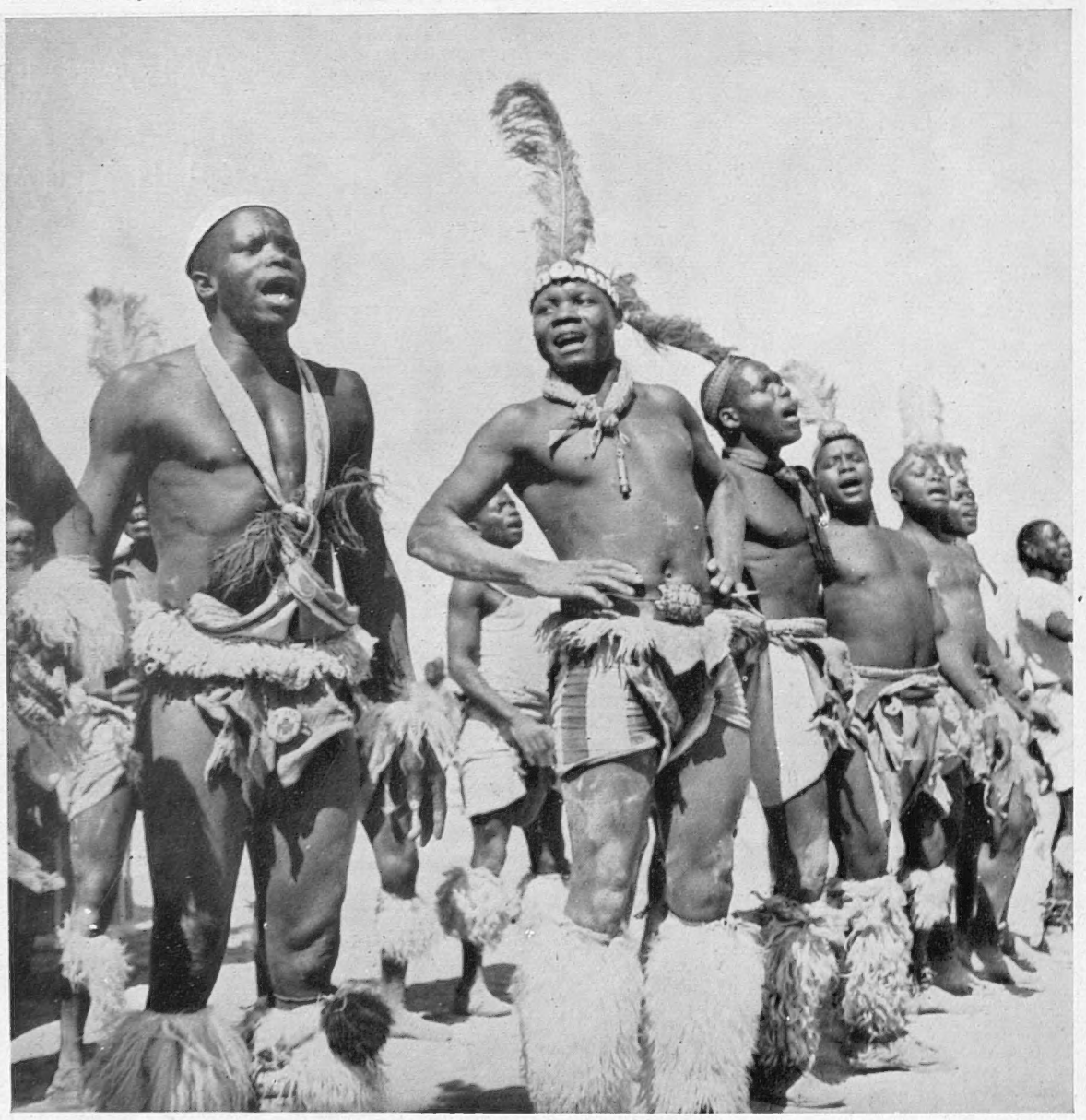
ANOTHER LINER WHICH HAS BEGUN A NEW CAREER: The former "Strength-through-Joy" ship *Pretoria*, which carried young Nazis on cheap cruises during the heyday of Hitlerism, now lies in dry dock at Southampton after changing her name to *Empire Orwell* and being converted into Britain's most up-to-date troop transport. The 18,000-ton ship will have a cafeteria system, and troops will sleep in bunks instead of hammocks. Before her conversion, the *Empire Orwell* was known for a while as *Empire Doon*

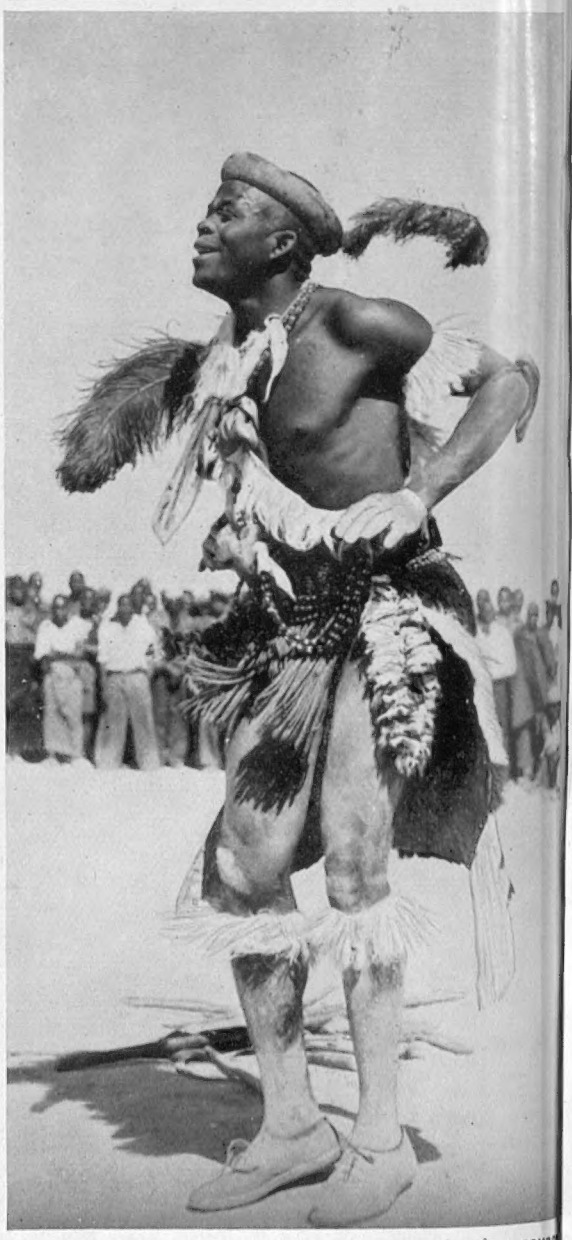
THE DANCE REACHES A CRESCENDO : Zulu miners of the Witwatersrand dancing one of their traditional war-dances in the mine compound. For an hour or so in the wild ecstasy of the dance they forget the days they spend in the bowels of the earth, and remember only the glorious freedom of their savage ancestors. Many Europeans in Johannesburg and the towns of the reef turn up to watch these highly-spectacular displays

THE ZULU DANCERS OF THE RAND

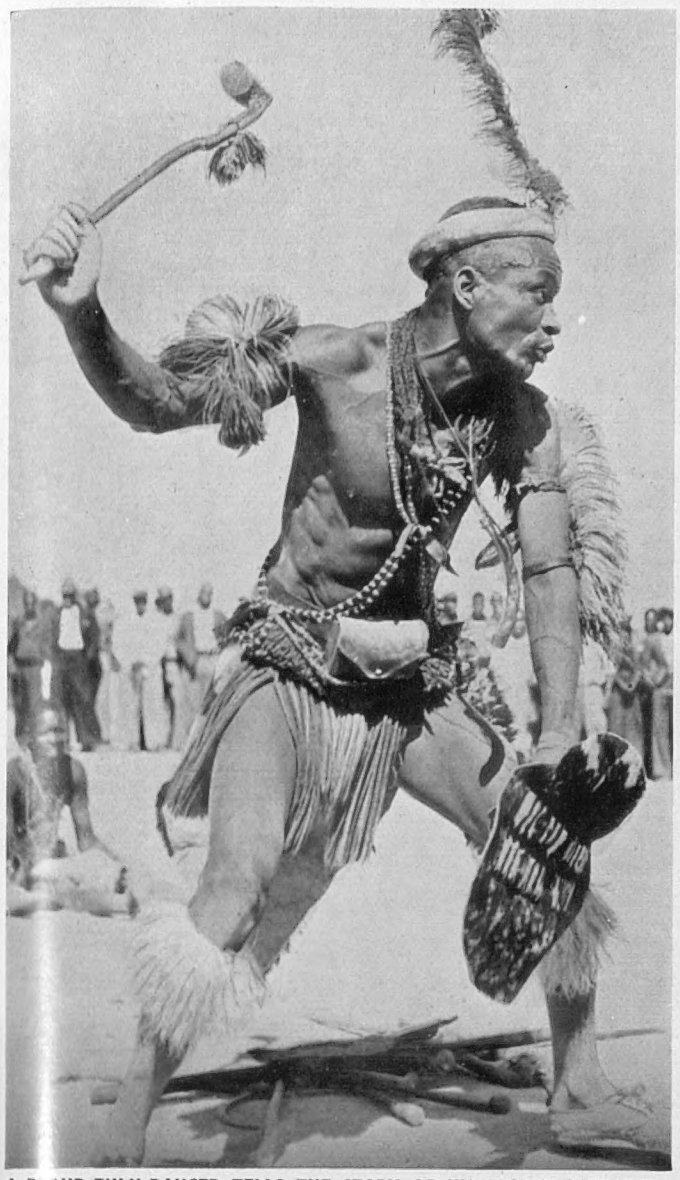
Warriors of the Mine Compounds Recall the Glories of the Past in Dance and Song

On the golden Rand there are between 400,000 and 450,000 native workers engaged in South Africa's most profitable industry of wresting gold from the earth. The Zulu miners live in vast compounds under a firm but not harsh discipline, and for the most part they remain on the Rand about two years, during which time they can usually earn sufficient money to return to the kraal and buy themselves a wife. The greatest relaxation of these Zulu warriors is the regular series of native dances held in the mine compounds. Many and various are the costumes worn by the Zulus, and while cowhides and deerhides play their traditional part in the ensemble, pieces of bicycle tubing, old mirrors, cheap combs, Newcastle United football shirts and a hundred-and-one products of urban civilisation also add to the grotesquery of the occasion.

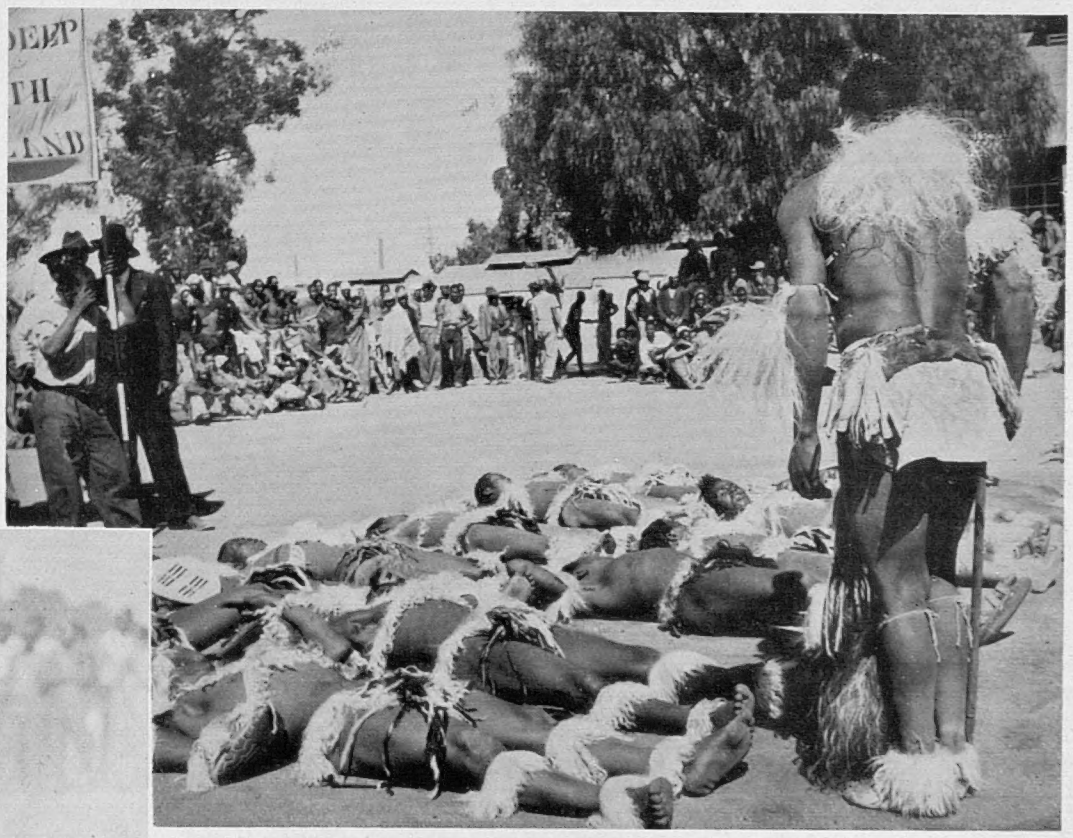




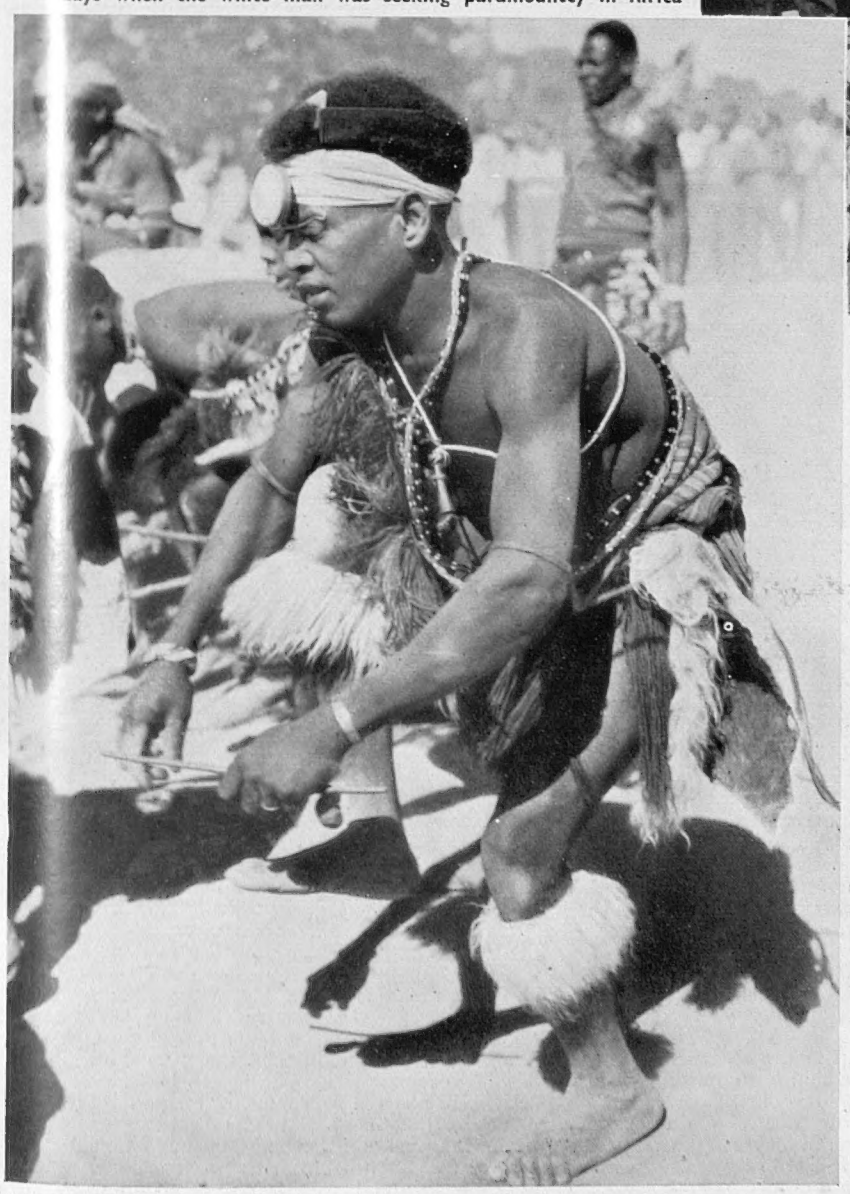
THE MONOTONOUS RHYTHMS WHICH PRECEDE THE WILDER FRENZY OF THE DANCE : Zulus, clad in all their finery of animal skins, ostrich feathers, beads and other savage adornments, start off by singing their tribal songs. By degrees the monotonous rhythms have their effect, and before long the gentle swaying gives way to the fur of the dance's climax. The men spend up to two years in the mines, and these regular displays of dancing provide an outlet for their ebullient animal spirits



A PROUD ZULU DANCER TELLS THE STORY OF HIS TRIBE'S VICTORIES : Armed with a knobkerry and brandishing a shield, he steps out into the centre of the mine compound, and begins his solo effort, recalling the victories of the Zulu impis in the days when the white man was seeking paramountcy in Africa



FROM THE GENTLE RHYTHMS OF THE FIRST PHASE OF THE DANCE TO THE UTTER EXHAUSTION THAT COMES AT THE END OF THE TWO-HOUR PERFORMANCE : *Top*—The participants swaying gently as they begin the show. *Above*—Lying prostrate in the centre of the mine compound after the rigours of the dance. Sometimes they will rest for a while like this and then dash into the fray again with renewed vigour



A ZULU LEADER IN THE FRENZY OF THE DANCE : In his frizzled hair are two cheap combs, and he wears on his forehead a shaving mirror that glints in the powerful African sun which shines relentlessly down on the mine compound

A ZULU DANCE LEADER IN ALL THE GLORY OF HIS WAR-PAINT : His body is decorated with strange, half-forgotten symbols. He and his comrades wear grass skirts, and as the dance increases in intensity, the men beat the ground with their bare feet

The REDS WOO the INTELLECTUALS

Some to Stalinism and Some to Titoism

By FERDINAND TUOHY

MOST of the presents from abroad sent to Premier Josef V. Stalin on his seventieth birthday were either symbolical or designed—by order—to be passed on to members of the Sovietised proletariat. An avalanche of pipes had otherwise been feared. But one foreign gift was particularly intended for Stalin's own keeping.

In the Middle Ages there would be spontaneous tributes by distinguished citizens of Italian towns. These were the original "Golden Books," most celebrated of which was the one prepared in Venice after the aristocratic revolution of 1297. The French Communists thought it a good idea to follow suit in 1949, and sent Stalin "a homage of French thought from the scientific, literary, artistic and juridical world" in the form of a Gold Book.

The invitation to contribute had been addressed to "intellectuals, no matter what discipline they are attached to," and in that selection of words stood revealed the measure of Stalinist casting around for the support and approbation of "workers by brain." The "manuals" are all right to bemuse and herd, but brain-workers are an imperative requirement for this very job. Tito has thrown open house to them.

While one intellectual camp has been pitched at Lausanne by the European Movement, "to examine the defence and revaluation of European culture," intellectuals of the "Progressive Left" find themselves being angled for and wooed by each of the Red antagonists who have split Communism in twain.

We have seen it here in London, where Mr. Pritt leads the way into the Stalin lobby, and Mr. Zilliacus into that of Tito. The same sort of thing is going on in Paris, where "ravages have been sown in the ranks of Louis Aragon and ex-Mme. Malraux," and in other centres of Europe and America.

Many intellectuals are anchored in the Sovietised lands, lucky to be alive; maybe even well looked after provided they sign away their minds and consciences each day on the dotted party line. If they as much as write a letter to the West—as did Stefan Litauer from Warsaw—the least is house arrest.

But what about their fellows in the still free lands? Those are the ones that the great Red brethren are after, each in his own manner.

Intellectuals have changed a great deal, as a body. Until well into the eighteenth century they were persons engaged primarily, if not entirely, in scholarly pursuits. Even journalists are counted among them now. I suppose the Encyclopædists provided the first real jolt when some of their leaders became political animals of the first order and precipitated the French Revolution.

Sixty years later, and no doubt after enormous chewing of cigarette-ends, Karl Marx made the classification of "workers by hand and brain." And while J. S. Mill led on to Fabianism in the West, the Russian intelligentsia took a different tack in the East. Members threw bombs at grand dukes and police chiefs—not to mention a Tsar—and so it was not surprising that Lenin, himself of the tribe, laid his plans with the intellectuals second in significance after the Workers and Peasants.

That this is still the reckoning, events since 1945 have shown. In recent years intellectuals of the Left especially have acquired prestige away beyond their own spheres. The popular thirst to be educated (particularly in economics) or to pick up bits and pieces, and the ready vehicles afforded by Brains Trusts, Quizzes, broadcasting, lecturing, and the Press, have promoted ladies and gentlemen to a national prominence far beyond their Bloomsburyest dreams.

His Holiness the Pope has gone as far as to call intellectuals "the bankers of God." In view of all the play that is being made with capitalism, a happier choice of words might have been possible; still, the turn of expression did conjure a rare storing, and by one of those leaps I found myself thinking of that fine French writer, Malraux.

Pope Pius had gone on to say that the need to know is greater to-day than in the past, and that those who have received the gifts of knowledge have the duty of spreading it to the masses. Well, here is a man who, in 1936-37, was fighting with the Republicans in Spain, and ten or eleven years later seated himself beside De Gaulle. Intellectual boxing the compass, like that, does honour to the land of *l'esprit humain*.

It also explains why Thorez's Gold Book did not come up to past standards. Who knows but Voltaire may have been influencing Frenchmen here below—or above? It's his climate, anyway. If a Lisbon earthquake could impel a *Candide*, what must a Bikini have done? And why, oh why, have we been cheated of a tea for two at Sans Souci—with Voltaire and Uncle Joe discussing the human mind?

Stalin's handicap in seeking to corral a maximum of Left intellectuals is simply that he has stamped and stamped roughshod over their most prized possession, the human mind. Miss Charlotte Haldane is illuminating on this score. After pointing out that Stalinist morality "completely rejects any form of intellectual activity which is not directly at the practical service of the totalitarian State system," this lady put the only question to herself after a visit to Russia:

"Is it possible for me to reconcile my scientific knowledge, based on years of personal experiment and observation, which I believe to be scientifically accurate and true, with loyalty to a political creed which denounces this same knowledge, these principles, and this practice, as criminal and 'fascist'?"

Miss Haldane says there must be a clear answer—"Yes" or "No"—and that sooner or later every intellectual worthy of the name will have to face up to it.

Kremlin and Cominform have so very much to keep quiet about when they woo intellectuals at large. No need to recapitulate goings-on at Breslau's "World Conference of Intellectuals," when 400 heard in near-silence that the culture of non-Sovietised countries is "trash" full of "the stench of decay." No need to remind ourselves how Russians must compose and paint only to boost the Party ideology. The Politburo's short way with intellectuals was there for all to see when Russia's leading savants were made to recant crawlingly.

When they were forced to debase themselves with words like these: "Outside the Michurin trend in biology there is no place for any further progressive development of any branch of biological knowledge." The trend in question supported Communist "dialectical materialism," and if a dozen Darwins were to drop from trees their say would be as naught.

Kremlin and Cominform have so much to keep quiet about that they are reduced to playing the Stalin *mystique* for all it is worth. There's little else left to them but an overriding appeal to the emotions, an appeal that glosses over all the fearful rubbish and lies that have gone before and exhorts intellectuals (many of whom are artists and susceptible) not to desert the third of the trinity, after Marx and Lenin, the architect of Stalingrad, the would-be father of world peace.

The Red wooing through the hole in the Iron Curtain comes with a warmer breath. Yugoslavs are "at home" to all and sundry. How the comitadji in them must revel in the role they are enacting of rebels with a way about them! How they must swell at being visited in their lair by continuous delegations of politicians and trade unionists, by questing Socialists and nervous Communists, by editors, economists, appraisers in general.

The Tito way while wooing intellectuals is to hide nothing, to make no claims to overlordship of the human intelligence, to recognise the worth of individuality. "We have never asserted, nor will we ever assert, that in certain questions we have found final truth," declares Boris Kidrith, who in the next breath condemns the type of Communism that "eliminates" the individual and has a crack at "sombre, grey Socialism" to which the finishing touch is put, in Britain, by the Lord's Observers at Week-ends.

Tito doesn't shrink from Western contacts, but encourages them. Quite unlike the Russians, his line is: "I know my country is far from being an ideal spot, that it's miles behind the West and America in living standards and creature comforts. But it doesn't demoralise our people to know it. It spurs them on to work harder and catch up on you others!"

Tito's raising of the Iron Curtain, his frankness and unmistakable dislike of lying, constitute his strongest cards with Left intellectuals, for many of whom it must be as a fresh breeze blowing in on them in a Russian sick-room.

"We want genuinely to be understood by everybody in the West and the East," says Tito. "We shall back Russia when we think she is right and the West when we think they are," says his Deputy Pijade. And so it actually happened during the closing weeks at Lake Success, where Yugoslav delegates once again drank and joked with the West, stopped and chatted, discussed things calmly on their merits, even admitting to past errors!

In sum, there's a "live and let live" about Yugoslav "National" Communism that appeals strongly to the humanist in many intellectuals.

The Yugoslavs even say that eventually they will prove that there can be a Communist State which is not a Police State, and here's the rub. The jagged fact obtrudes for intellectuals that Yugoslavia is an out-and-out Police State. As in Soviet Russia, the end justifies the means, all means. The Tito regime has subordinated judiciary to Party, there's no real freedom of religion, of expression, not a breath of Habeas Corpus.

The "national" Communists believe in the forcible establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat in each country, and intend to continue controlling Yugoslav minds. The continued straddling of the community by manual labour is the nut that intellectuals have to crack *chez Tito*.

BERLIN—YUGOSLAV MISSION MEMBERS REPORT THEIR EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIAN HANDS: Lieut.-Colonel Momcilo Sibinovic (seated centre of table), acting chief of the Yugoslav Military Mission in Berlin, seen during a Press conference he gave in the British Sector of Berlin after his release from house arrest. He was one of twenty-one Yugoslav citizens arrested by the "People's Police" in the Eastern Sector of Berlin. Although the Mission's headquarters is located in the British Sector, the Yugoslavs were taken to the Soviet Sector while their homes were being searched by Eastern Sector police

WASHINGTON—LIEUT.-GENERAL LESLIE R. GROVES, WHO HEADED THE PROJECT FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ATOMIC BOMB, GIVES VITAL EVIDENCE BEFORE THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES: The General is seen (centre) giving his testimony, which concerned alleged wartime atomic deals with the Russians. He denied, in particular, that former Vice-President Henry Wallace or the late Harry Hopkins, adviser to President Roosevelt, had ever attempted to put pressure on him for the release of atomic secrets or materials to Russia. While General Groves was testifying, Mr. Dean Acheson, Secretary of State, told reporters that four export licences for delivery of atomic bomb materials to Russia were issued in 1943, but all had the complete approval of General Groves's Manhattan Project

THE JOY SULLIVAN "CONTINUOUS MINER"—UNDERGROUND WORKERS GATHERED ROUND THE GIANT AMERICAN CUTTER-LOADER IN THE PIT-YARD OF THE DONISTHORPE COLLIERY, NEAR SWADLINCOTE, DERBYSHIRE, WHERE IT IS TO BE PUT INTO OPERATION: The Joy Sullivan, which is said to be able to shift two tons of coal per minute, consists of a set of cutters which rip the coal from the seam and throw it back on to a conveyor belt. The conveyor belt then takes the coal to the waiting "trams" for conveyance to the surface. The machine eliminates the need for explosives. It is able to move forward under its own power, and has a number of jacks for erecting roof supports. The makers claim that the Joy Sullivan will do for the mining industry what the combine harvester has done for agriculture. This may well be true in the coalfields of the Alleghany mountains, but the Joy Sullivan is not necessarily suited to all the many and various conditions obtaining in British pits. It is hoped, however, that it will send production soaring at the Donisthorpe Colliery, where conditions are apparently suited to the machine. Some time may be necessary to drill members of teams operating the Joy Sullivan

THE COMBINE HARVESTER OF THE PITS

The Machine that Moves 2 Tons of Coal Per Minute

On left—THE TEETH THAT RIP THEIR WAY INTO THE COAL SEAMS: Young miners at Donisthorpe receiving practical hints in the operation of the Joy Sullivan from Earl Bradley, a technician from Staunton, Illinois, who has come over to England with the machine. It is the first Joy Sullivan as yet exported from the United States

THE CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY'S NEW PLANT AT CORPUS CHRISTI, IN TEXAS: Most of the company's twenty-one major structures have been built without walls; an arrangement which has not only eliminated certain problems of processing but which also lowered construction costs. This air photograph shows the well-designed group of buildings comprising the plant, which is situated on a 140-acre site at Nueces Bay

BUILDINGS WITHOUT WALLS

A New Texas Refinery of Unique Design

The process of refining sorghum, grains and corn into starch, sugar and high-protein cattle feed has always involved the dangers of explosive grain dust and of sulphuric acid fumes. This had to be combated by systems of air purification, and in the new plant at Corpus Christi, in Texas, of the Corn Products Refining Company a new system has been introduced with the new buildings. Many of the multi-storied buildings have been constructed without walls so that the sea breezes off the Gulf of Mexico continually sweep the plant and cleanse it of the enemy fumes. Railings save workers from falling and slightly overhanging ceilings give protection from the infrequent but rapid-gathering Texas showers.

WRAPPED IN CELLOPHANE: The remarkable effect of the plant at night is shown in this picture of the millhouse of the refinery. The elimination of windows allows the breezes off the Gulf of Mexico to cleanse the air night and day, thus eliminating many of the dangers of explosions and fume poisoning which attend the process

ONE BUILDING OF THE PLANT WHICH HAS WALLS : The attractively-designed office-laboratory is of normal construction. The covered way on the left leads to the main entrance to the plant. The building is situated centrally because product control tests are frequently made throughout all stages of the manufacturing process

TWO MORE BUILDINGS WITHOUT WALLS : *On left*—The Crystallization building has a high, enclosed section with staircase and toilet rooms. *Above*—The feed house, where much of the equipment for processing high-protein livestock feed is entirely in the open air. On the right of this picture, shades protect workers from glare and rainstorms

THE POWER HOUSE AT NIGHT : Another night photograph which provides "inside information" of the plant. In the centre may be seen the boilers, which are located entirely out of doors. Turbines, pumps and other equipment requiring protection from the weather are housed in the glass-enclosed machine-room on the left

A FOREIGN NEWS SURVEY

Events Abroad as the Year Drew to a Close

POPE PIUS CELEBRATES MASS IN THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S—THE CEREMONY ENDING THE YEAR OF JUBILEE WHICH MARKED THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PONTIFF'S ORDINATION: *Left*—The Pope kneeling in prayer before the shrine of the Madonna, which was carried for the occasion into St. Peter's from the Church of St. Mary Major. It was before this very same shrine that the Pope said his first Mass half-a-century ago. *Right*—The Pope blessing the crowd from the gestatorial chair as he entered the Basilica of St. Peter's. About 30,000 worshippers attended the service, including ten Cardinals and the Italian Prime Minister

A RED-LETTER DAY FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOA—ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THE PORTUGUESE COLONY IN INDIA CELEBRATE THE ARRIVAL IN THEIR MIDST OF THE FIGURE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA, WHICH HAS BEEN SENT OUT FROM LISBON ON A TOUR OF ALL THE PORTUGUESE COLONIES: *Left*—The figure, which was brought to Goa by steamer from Bombay, was mounted on a ceremonial launch representing a swan, and thus made its entry into Old Goa. *Right*—A vast congregation attended one of the open-air Masses to mark the arrival of our Lady of Fatima. The figure was greeted with extraordinary fervour by the deeply religious Goanese. The legend began in 1917, when the Virgin Mary is said to have appeared to peasant children in the town of Fatima, Portugal. It has gathered strength ever since

MAJOR RACEY JORDAN LETS LOOSE AN ATOMIC BOMBSHELL IN OFFICIAL WASHINGTON: The former Air Force major with Mrs. Gordon Bean, a former W.A.C. Sergeant who served with him during the war, and Radio News Commentator Fulton Lewis. They have with them the all-important diary which is supposed to support the Major's charges that atomic bomb materials were expedited to Russia in 1943-44 by plane, and that the shipments were approved by the late Harry Hopkins, personal adviser to the late President Roosevelt. Mr. Henry Wallace, former Vice-President of the United States, speedily denounced Jordan's statements, but the ex-Air Force major went before the House Committee on Un-American Activities and repeated what he had already said on the radio. (See also page 456)

THREE SCIENTISTS WHO HELPED TO PRODUCE THE FIRST ATOMIC BOMB DECLARE THAT THERE WAS NOTHING STARTLING ABOUT MAJOR JORDAN'S DISCLOSURE THAT ATOM BOMB MATERIALS WERE SENT TO RUSSIA IN 1943-44: Dr. Harold C. Urey (centre) and Dr. Thorfin Hogness (left), both of Chicago University, seen with Dr. Arthur Jaffe, of the Argonne National Laboratory. They declared in a recent interview, following the Washington disclosures, that the materials exported to Russia were too small to be of any use in the making of an atomic bomb. Major Jordan's testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities seemed substantial enough, however, until Lieut.-General Leslie R. Groves, head of the wartime atomic project, came before the Committee to indicate that neither Hopkins nor Wallace had put pressure to bear on him. Major Jordan remained unshaken in his testimony

STARTLING EVIDENCE OF THE PERSUASIVE POWER OF GREEK RE-EDUCATION METHODS: Lieut.-General James Van Fleet, head of the United States Military Mission to Greece, being chaired by former Communist guerillas and sympathisers when he paid a visit to the Greek Government's re-education centre on Macrinissos Island. At present there are 15,000 ex-Communists at Macrinissos, and when their re-education period is complete all will be allowed to return to civilian life

THE PRO-GRECIAN CAMPAIGN IN CYPRUS GATHERS PACE: Mr. E. Papayoannou, chief secretary of the Communist-dominated Akel Party, addressing a gathering of workers at Nicosia, Cyprus, during a campaign to secure signatures for the party's plan to secure union with Greece. The hierarchy of the Church of Cyprus claim that Akel does not truly speak for the Greek population, and, in consequence, it is proposing to hold a plebiscite on the nationality question on January 15. Ever since the close of the Second World War the status of Cyprus has been in the balance. Four-fifths of the island's inhabitants are Greeks, and whether of the Right or the Left the Greeks appear to desire union with Greece. The Archbishop of Cyprus leads the Right Wing movement, and Servas and Clerides are leaders of Akel. Servas, who has had Moscow training, has proved a most able Mayor of Limmassol

LADY DIPLOMAT SAILS WITH HER FAMILY: Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, the new United States Ambassador to Denmark, with her husband and her children, Hans and Johanna, as she left Hoboken, aboard the "Jutlandia" en route to Copenhagen

FACES TO THE WALL; THE END OF A POLICE CHASE AT CLEVELAND, OHIO: Robert Catchings (left), an eighteen-year-old, and Joel Spiegner (aged twenty) in the hands of a patrolman and a detective after being brought to book by the police at Cleveland following a hectic chase through the town. The youths were driving a car they had stolen two hours previously in another part of the city

BIDDING FOR THE CARIBBEAN TOURIST TRADE—THE OPENING OF THE NEW 7,000,000 DOLLAR CARIBE HILTON HOTEL AT SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO: *On left* and *right*— Visitors gathered in front of the swimming-pool to watch a diving display, one of the many attractions at the inauguration of the new hotel which brought guests from New York, Hollywood, Chicago, and many other parts of the American Continent. The hotel, with its 300 air-conditioned rooms built in a honeycomb pattern, stands in 14 acres of ground near the sea's edge, and has its own fishing pier in addition to many other amenities. Puerto Rico, easternmost and smallest of the Greater Antilles, lies 75 miles east of Haiti. It was a Spanish possession until 1898, and since then has been a possession of the U.S.A. Although rich in resources, the Government of Puerto Rico is anxious to get a larger share of tourist traffic, and it is believed that the hotel will play no unimportant part in this project

IF YOU ARE TRAVELLING IN THE WEST COUNTRY WATCH OUT FOR JAD 347 : This futuristic light car has been built during his spare time by Mr. Ralph Nelson, of Pilning, near Bristol. It is an all-electric model, with a body that was once part of a Blenheim bomber, and it derives its power from about 7 cwt. of batteries and a 4½-h.p. electric motor. It has three forward speeds and a reverse. Top speed is about 35 m.p.h. Mr. Nelson is now blissfully independent of petrol coupons. He just orders an occasional carboy of distilled water to top-up the batteries, and each night the batteries are connected to his home-made charging plant. Notable features of the Nelson car are its uninterrupted driving vision and silence in top gear

THIS TAXI SCOOTER WAS ONE OF THE HITS OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL CYCLE SHOW AT MILAN : The taxi is called the "Innocent," and, being very low in price and notably economical in running, it is hoped that it will be used by city cab companies

By Road, Rail, and Air
REFINEMENTS, MODIFICATIONS AND ECCENTRICITIES

THE DOUGLAS SKYROCKET SWOOPS ACROSS MUROC AIR BASE : With test pilot Gene May at the controls, the American Navy's fastest plane recently gave a demonstration in the presence of the Press when these three pictures were taken. The machine was probably travelling at a speed faster than sound, but no official figures were released. Some newspapers affirmed that the machine was travelling at 700 or 800 m.p.h.

SOME OF THE FRONT-LINE AIRCRAFT OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE : This remarkable line-up of fighting war-planes was made on the Parking Ramp of Andrew Air Force Base, Maryland. From front to back they are : the North American F 86, the world's speed-record holder, 670·981 m.p.h. ; Lockheed's Shooting Star (left) ; North American's F 82, night fighter ; Republic's F 84 Thunderjet ; Northrop's B 49 Flying Wing ; Consolidated's B 36, the world's largest land-based bomber ; Boeing's B 47, which flew non-stop from Washington State to Washington, D.C., in 3 hours 46 mins. ; and North American's B 45. Other front-line aircraft not shown are the famed Boeing B 29, and the most recent addition to the air armada, the Boeing B 50. Most publicised of all the planes is the B 36, which America's naval men have attacked so vigorously as "a billion-dollar blunder," and which America's flying men, including General Arnold, have defended with no less vigour

A PERFECT SET-UP FOR ENGINE-DRIVERS : This model of the driver's cab in a main-line locomotive on British Railways was displayed recently in "mock-up" form at the London headquarters of the British Railways Executive. The new cab, it is claimed, has all the controls within easy reach of the driver, and there are other refinements to help the fireman

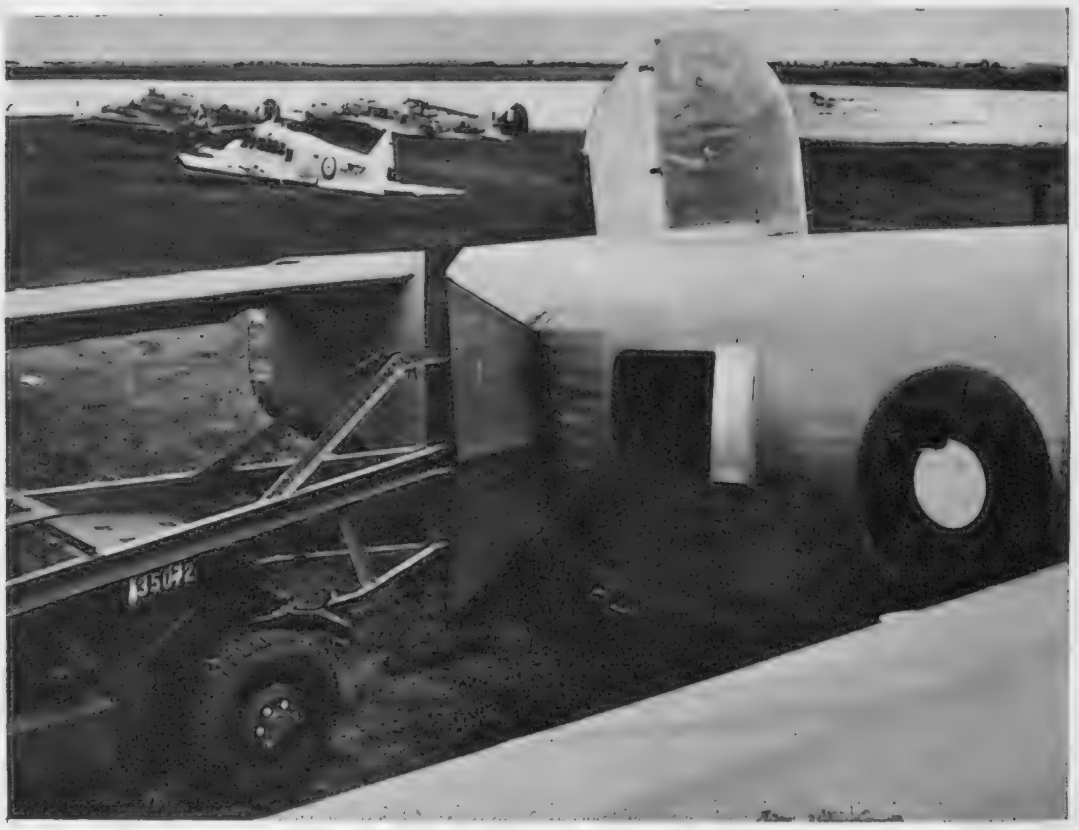
THIS HELICOPTER TAKES A TOTAL OF TWELVE PEOPLE : The Sikorsky H 19 has just completed a series of successful flight tests at Bridgeport, Connecticut. The passenger and cargo cabin is located directly under the main lifting rotor, while the pilots' compartment, with complete dual controls, is located above and forward of the main cabin. Doors in the nose of the helicopter render the engine highly accessible

YET ANOTHER "FLYING FLIVVER" MAKES ITS BOW—MR. T. P. HALL'S LAND AND AIR MACHINE CRUISING OVER SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, DURING A RECENT SUCCESSFUL TRIAL FLIGHT : This model has a 190-h.p. engine installed in the flight section and a separate 26½-h.p. engine is located in the car for ground use. The flight section of the car is easily removed. This model appears to be much less nose-heavy than a model which came to grief during trials at San Diego a year or two ago, but it lacks the grace of the amphibian roadster designed in 1946 by Robert Fulton, President of Continental Incorporated. The Fulton model, with only one engine, could do no more than 45 m.p.h. on the highway, whereas it is probable that this latest flying car can touch speeds in the vicinity of 80 and 90 m.p.h. In 1947 there came news from Milan of another "flying flivver." This had folding wings and both in the air and on the ground was driven by a pusher-type propeller

HOW THE RESCUE KNIFE CAN PLAY ITS PART IN FREEING TRAPPED PASSENGERS FROM AN AEROPLANE WRECK : This equipment, which is being tried out by the Melbourne Department of Works and Housing, consists of an 8-ft.-high razor-edged steel spearhead mounted on an armoured car chassis with a four-wheel drive. It is designed for use on airfields when an accident has occurred and aircraft wreckage has to be cut through at great speed in order to free victims from a fuselage which may or may not be on fire. During this demonstration the knife was driven forward at 12 m.p.h., and it pierced the metal of a former R.A.F. Liberator as if it had been paper. The moment the tail unit was severed from the main part of the fuselage a steel hawser was thrown across the tail from a moving tractor and the two parts of the plane were drawn apart

THE RESCUE KNIFE

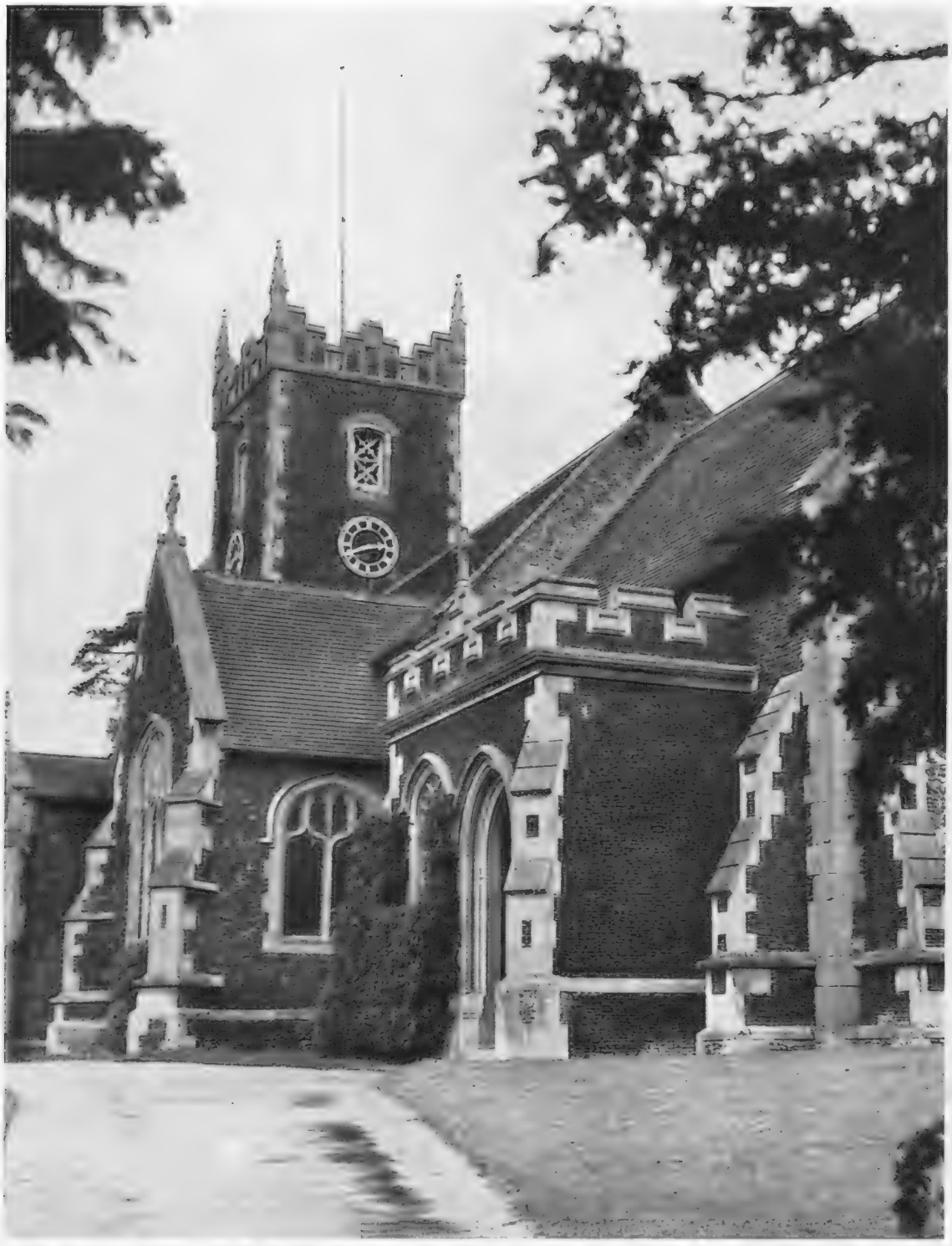
Australia Tries Out an Idea for Aiding Air Crash Victims on Aerodromes



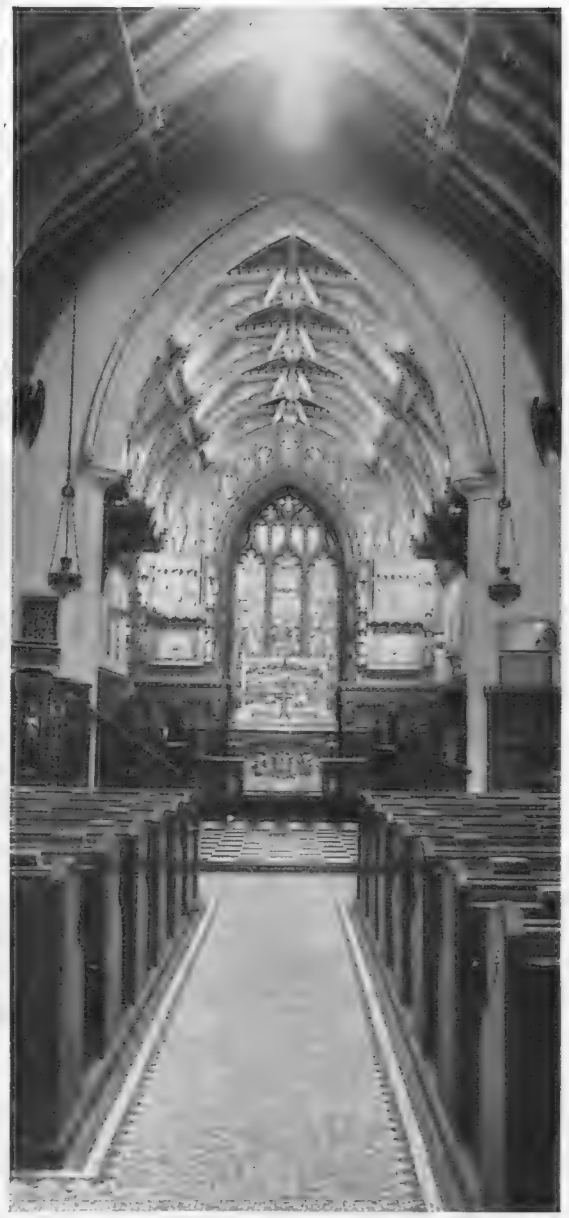
THE GIANT RESCUE KNIFE PLAYS ITS PART : *Left*—The knife approaching a wrecked plane. *Right*—The knife entering the fuselage at a point near the tail. Within a few seconds the parts had been severed. This experiment took place at the Laverton aircraft "graveyard," and apart from a few modifications which appeared to be necessary, the breaching equipment was held to have given every satisfaction. An official of the Australian Department of Civil Aviation was present

SANDRINGHAM'S ROYAL CHURCH

Where Members of the Royal Family will Attend Divine Service on Christmas Day



THE ROYAL PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE, SANDRINGHAM, WHERE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WILL ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE ON CHRISTMAS DAY: The church contains numerous Royal memorials. The Duke of Clarence, eldest son of King Edward VII, died at Sandringham in 1892; Prince John, a son of King George V and Queen Mary, is commemorated in the churchyard. The church adjoins the grounds of the Hall and is built in the familiar flint which blends so well with the surrounding Norfolk countryside



LOOKING ALONG THE NAVE TOWARDS THE SILVER ALTAR: The altar was presented to Sandringham Church on the first anniversary of the death of Edward VII. Every generation brings new gifts to the church

THE ROYAL PEW ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CHANCEL AND THE PULPIT: The pew bears a brass plate recording "the pew was occupied by my beloved husband from the year of our marriage in 1863 until 1910 when the Lord took him to Himself," and it is signed Alexandra. Above the pulpit, near the hymnal board, is the plaque to the memory of King George V. It was placed there by Queen Mary and her children

RESTORING THE FAMOUS DEVONSHIRE HOUSE GATES IN PICCADILLY: These monumental gates formerly stood at the Piccadilly entrance to old Devonshire House, but when the building was demolished in 1925 and commercial premises were erected there, the gates were handed over to the Office of Works which set them up along the fence-line between Piccadilly and Green Park. They were removed for melting-down early in the war, but were eventually reprieved. It is possible that the gates have a very interesting history. In Blunt's *Handbook to Chelsea*—a work of proven authority—it is stated that when Sir Hans Sloane demolished Sir Thomas More's house in Chelsea in 1740, the gateway, which a former occupant, the Earl of Middlesex, had caused to be erected by Inigo Jones, was given to the Earl of Burlington and by him was re-erected in his grounds at Chiswick. Later on, the gateway was taken to Devonshire House, and it seems probable that these gates in Piccadilly were part of it. If so, they date back to the years 1619-25

THE SPHINX OF GREEN PARK: [illegible] position in Green Park. [illegible] "Cavendo Tutus." It was [illegible] such disrepair in the eig[illegible]

GLANCING BACK in TOWN and COUNTRY

History in Stone and Metal

APPLEBY, WILL IT LOSE ITS STATUS?—THE BOROUGHGATE IN THE ASSIZE AND COUNTY TOWN OF WESTMORLAND WHICH IS THREATENED WITH THE LOSS OF OUTSIDE TRADE BY A PROPOSAL TO TRANSFER CIVIC BUSINESS TO KENDAL: In the background of the old market-place stands the Church of St. Lawrence

In the Law Society's recent annual report, a proposal was made for a review of certain northern Assize towns. It was suggested that civic business, now dealt with at Appleby, should be transferred to Kendal. Appleby, a tiny town, depends greatly on outside trade. The local authorities say that the Assize Court brings business there in many different forms; that it would be a serious loss to the ancient town if the Assize Court were withdrawn. Contained, for defence, within a loop of the Eden and dominated by Appleby Castle, first mentioned in 1088, Appleby was granted its first Charter in 1179; it had its mayor and returned Members to Parliament from the time of Edward I down to 1832. Appleby and its church suffered severely in the numerous raids by the Scots, who every now and then reduced the town to ashes. In 1598 it was decimated by the Plague. The fine old church of St. Lawrence was practically rebuilt by Anne, Countess of Pembroke, whose descendant, Lord Hothfield, a former mayor, entertains the Assize judge at the Castle. The lower part of the tower is twelfth-century. Within are beautiful memorials to the Countess, a very remarkable woman, and her mother, the Lady Margaret Russell, Countess of Cumberland. During the Civil War Lady Anne garrisoned Appleby for the King, but it fell into the hands of Parliament after Marston Moor. Appleby Castle is noteworthy for its twelfth-century keep, called Cæsar's Tower, a rare relic of a feudal stronghold standing on the site of the Roman station of Galacum. The Moot Hall, where the Assize Courts are held, dates from the sixteenth century. There are two market crosses, High Cross and Low Cross.

e of the adornments of the Devonshire House gates ready to be put in T man is holding the arms of the Devonshire family bearing the words s iten said that the old Devonshire House would never have fallen into g enth century if the Duke's servants had heeded the family motto

THE STATUE OF THE CHRIST AT SWYNNERTON: This superb example of medieval carving stands neglected in a Staffordshire parish church. The great rarity of religious statues in this country, as a result of their destruction at the Reformation, makes a monumental statue of such a subject unique in Britain. Mr. Michael M. Rix, of Birmingham University, who has drawn attention to the importance of the statue, sends the following information about it: "The statue, which is 7 ft. 6 ins. high, represents Christ seated and drawing aside His garments to show the wound in His side. The local tradition at Swynnerton is that it was brought from Lichfield Cathedral at the time of the Reformation and buried there to escape the Protestant destruction of images. It was rediscovered in the nineteenth century and placed in Swynnerton Church, where it still stands. Reference to the illustration gives a good idea of its completeness, the only serious damage being the loss of the right fore-arm and hand (which was certainly raised in blessing), also the tip of the nose and part of the lips: this probably occurred when the statue was originally taken down. Detailed examination of the statue indicates that it was designed to be seen from below (for example, the stool on which the figure is seated slopes forward at an awkward angle which would be corrected if the statue were about 30 ft. above the ground). Both the style of the carving and the display of the wounds indicate a late medieval date, probably early fourteenth century. This would help to account for its remarkable preservation, as it was removed when comparatively new and buried for about three centuries, since when it has been under cover

BERWICK-ON-TWEED'S TOWN HALL HAS FALLEN INTO A STATE OF DECAY: This striking classical building, built in 1754, is at present the subject of controversy among citizens, some of whom contend that the building should be demolished and some that £20,000 should be raised to ensure its preservation. Those who support the contention that the building should be preserved declare that this noble feature of the town adds to Berwick's tourist attraction. The tower of Berwick's Town Hall contains a peal of bells which serves the towerless parish church

THE GUARDIANS OF THE NORTH CHANNEL : Principal Keeper Alec Matheson and Second Assistant John Thompson at the base of the Sanda Lighthouse, which stands at the junction of the North Channel (between the Mull of Kintyre and the Irish coast) and the Firth of Clyde. Sanda Island, separated from the Scottish mainland by a choppy, dangerous sound, has had a lighthouse since January 1, 1850, and during its 100 years of existence the light has played a vital part in directing shipping into Greenock and Glasgow. Unlike English lighthouses, which are administered by Trinity House, Sanda is under the jurisdiction of the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, who control eighty-eight lights in Scotland and the Isle of Man

SANDA'S CENTENARY

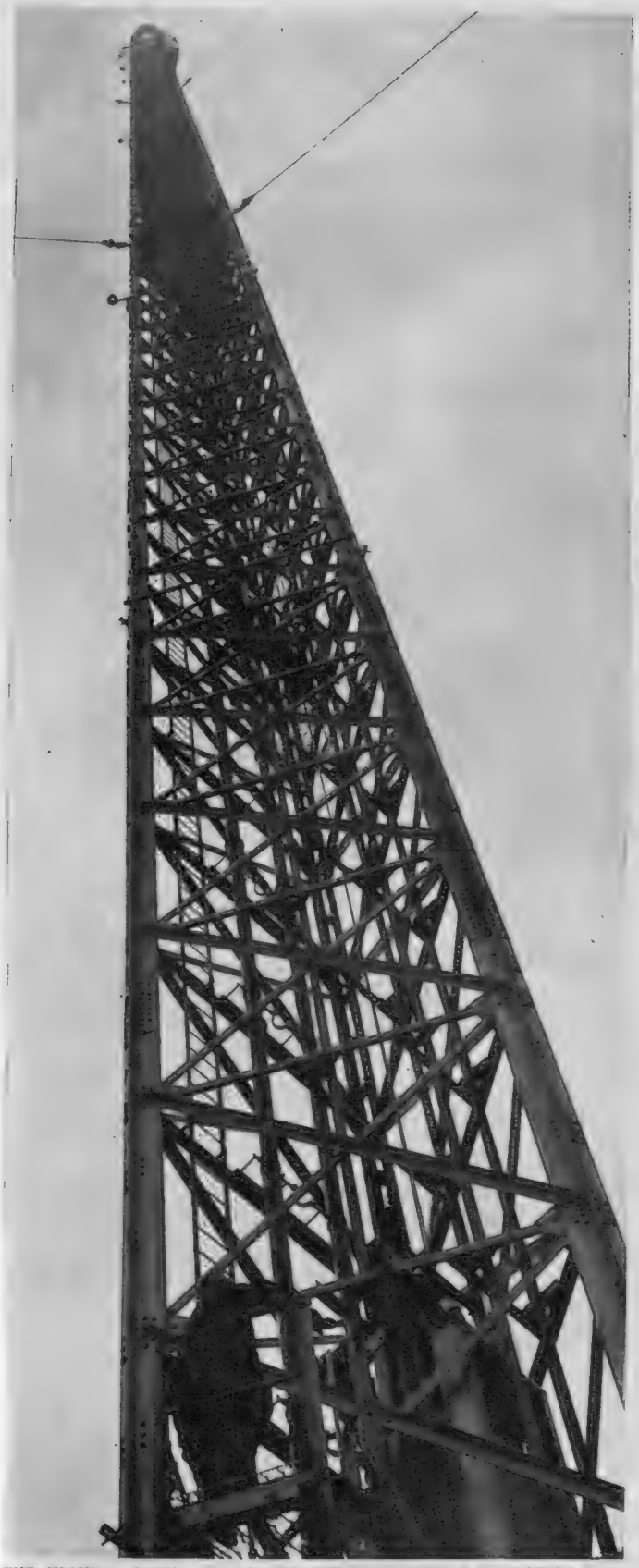
A Famous Scottish Lighthouse is About to Celebrate 100 Years of Service

SETTING THE OTTER TRAP : Principal Keeper Matheson and his assistant, John Thompson, by the shore near Sanda Light. The lighthouse on its rocky promontory is seen in the background, also the bows of the wrecked American vessel "Byron Darnton." Hunting, fishing and shooting play no small part in the lives of the keepers, helping in a measure to augment the rations for their families

SANDA IS A SNUG COMMUNITY : One of the keepers waving from the steps of the lighthouse to a member of his family in the roadway below. The cottages on Sanda are well built, as they have need to be in this area of blustering winds and high seas. The nearest village on the mainland is Southend, and three miles to the north-west of Sanda is the Mull of Kintyre

THE KEEPERS SCAN THE SEAS : Theirs is a busy shipping route, for off Sanda the liners inward-bound to Glasgow turn due north for the Firth of Clyde. Liverpool-bound liners using the Northern Irish route also pass within sight of Sanda Lighthouse

ALEC MATHESON GOES OUT WITH HIS GUN : The Principal Keeper at Sanda in search of game. Three men take turns to watch from sunset to sunrise over the 61,000-candle-power lamp and after daily maintenance they have plenty of free time



THE HIGHEST AERIAL SO FAR ERECTED AT ANY B.B.C. STATION : The mast of the Sutton Coldfield transmitting station stands on a hill 550 ft. above sea-level and the mast itself rises a further 750 ft.

THE GENERAL CONTROL ROOM OF THE NEW TELEVISION TRANSMITTING STATION AT SUTTON COLDFIELD, BIRMINGHAM : Here the engineer controls both sound and vision transmitters. He can see exactly what is going on electrically and the progress of the vision signal through the transmitter can be inspected at many stages on a cathode-ray oscilloscope. Information about the radio link which carries the picture from Alexandra Palace, London, to Birmingham is also given to the engineer in charge

TELEVISION REACHES THE MIDLANDS

The New Transmitting Station at Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham

The opening of the Sutton Coldfield transmitting station just before Christmas marked the first step in the extension of television to the whole country, and it is estimated that it adds another 6,000,000 potential viewers to the B.B.C.'s audience. Planned by the B.B.C.'s engineers and equipped with apparatus of British design and manufacture, this new station is the most powerful yet built anywhere in the world.

The station is on a 24-acre hilltop site in the suburban area some miles to the north of Birmingham, and the 750-ft. mast is now a landmark for miles around. Up to 610 ft. the mast is triangular in cross-section, each side measuring 9 ft., and there is a lift inside this section. The next 100 ft. of the mast is in cylindrical form, and surmounting the whole is the topmast supporting the television aerial. This aerial radiates both the sound and vision signals. The use of a common aerial for the two broadcasts is only one of many unusual features of this advanced television station.

THE BASE OF THE COMBINED TELEVISION AND SOUND MAST : The 140 tons of steel towering to a height of 750 ft. rest on this single pivot, and the mast is held in place by a series of straining wires

BRINGING 6,000,000 MORE PEOPLE INTO TELEVISION RANGE—THE TRANSMITTER BUILDING AND THE BASE OF THE MAST ON THE HILLTOP SITE AT SUTTON COLDFIELD : There are no studios at the station, the programmes being exactly the same as those sent out in the London area from Alexandra Palace. Viewers in the Midlands can rely on entertainment equal in every respect to that enjoyed by those in the London area

THE APPROACH TO CHRISTMAS

HOW THE WORLD PREPARED FOR ANOTHER FESTIVE SEASON

CHRISTMAS COMES TO THE LITTLE ESSEX VILLAGE OF SOUTH WEALD : Young choristers rehearsing in the parish church before going out to spread the Christmas message by singing outside the village inns, the almshouses, and in other parts of the parish. South Weald has long prided itself on the high standard of its choir, and the choristers are always sure of a welcome

"CHRISTMAS PARTY," A SEASONABLE REVUE FOR THE CHILDREN : Golliwog (Gilian Moran), Kentucky Minstrel (Cherry Adele), and Christmas Doll (Audrey Hepburn) in the holiday-time show at the Cambridge Theatre which is running concurrently with "Sauce Tartare." The great feature of "Christmas Party" is these nursery toys which come to life, revealing incredible agility

RHODIN'S POLAR BEARS DO THEIR RODIN ACT : These are three of the twelve bears which John Steinhoff is presenting for the first time at the Bertram Mills Christmas Circus at Olympia. Steinhoff, who did his early training with Carl Hagenbeck, has hunted wild animals in Africa and India. He has performed with these polar bears in all parts of the world. This year's Christmas Circus at Olympia is on the same lavish scale as in recent years, and as in the past, Mr. Cyril Mills has combed the world in booking new acts, among which the polar bears are numbered

IN GAY MANHATTAN : Rockefeller Centre, New York, glowing brightly after its multi-coloured lights had been turned on to illuminate the 75-ft. silvered Christmas tree in front of the seventy-storey R.C.A. building. Extending from the foreground are forty-eight metal plumes decked with large plaster snowflakes which whirl gaily in the wind. In all, there are 7,500 lights on the tree, and the lighting plan requires more than 100,000 watts of electricity. This year New York started its Christmas displays at the beginning of December, rather earlier than usual

ELEPHANTINE CHIROPODY : Munjula submits with lofty dignity to the attentions of Joan Fowles, who wields an outsize file on one of its forefeet during preparations for the Circus at Olympia. The six elephants give a ballet performance

PRESSING WORK ! Irene Renbalski, one of the elephant-riders at Olympia, ironing her frock in preparation for the show. Women play a bigger part than ever in this year's Christmas Circus, among them the Chinese jugglers of the Laifoun-Moglong troupe, Signorina Piaia, a glamorous trapeze artist from Italy, and Miss Hella, a German-born artiste, who presents her six sealions for the first time in England

BRUSSELS, THE MOST GLITTERING CITY IN EUROPE—THE LONG ARCHWAY OF LIGHT THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE CITY ADDS TO THE GAIETY OF THE CAPITAL AT CHRISTMASTIDE : Each arch is flanked by a pair of gleaming five-pointed stars and the whole effect is enhanced by the brilliant lighting of the shops. Brussels is a city of extraordinary prosperity these days, largely by reason of the Congo's uranium wealth which brought Belgium wealth even while she was occupied

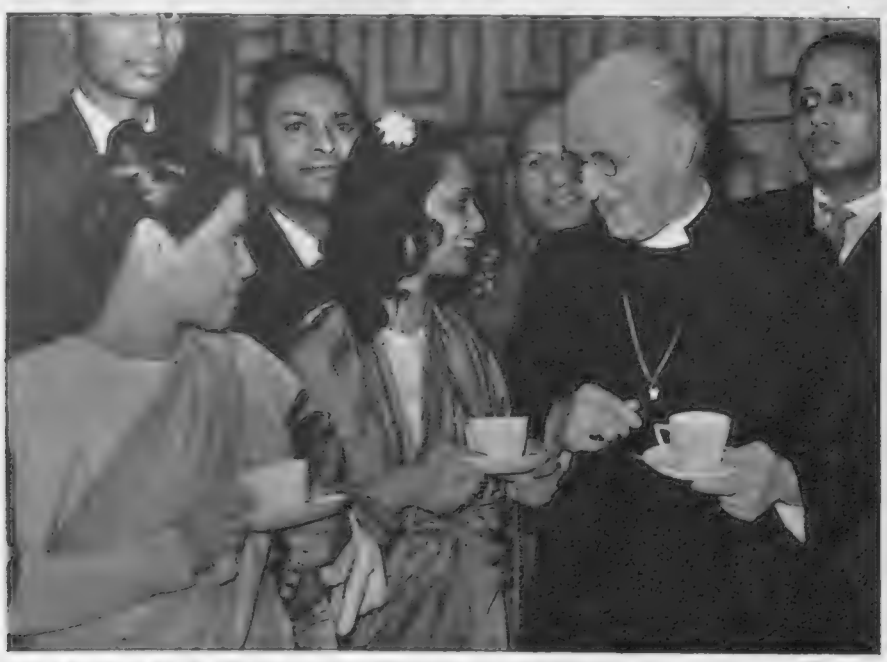
THE RETURN OF SADLER'S WELLS BALLET: Some of the forty-two members of the Company as they left their plane after the triumphant tour of Canada and the United States

NORWAY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TO LONDON ARRIVES AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE: The 57-ft.-high Norwegian spruce was brought from the freighter "Brisk" at Deptford by a lorry decorated with the flags of Norway and Great Britain. With it were several small parcels sent by the children of a school in Oslo. The tree had previously been inspected by an officer of the Forestry Commission, as the importation of certain coniferous trees is prohibited because of the risk of introducing woodland diseases and pests. Licences were issued for gift trees but each was inspected and must be destroyed after Christmas

MOIRA SHEARER AND LUDOVIC KENNEDY: The prima ballerina and star of the film "The Red Shoes" was met at London Airport by her fiancé, a twenty-nine-year-old author. All seventy-two performances of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company's tour were sold out and more than 220,000 people saw them. It was calculated that a profit of about 60,000 dollars was made in spite of a loss in Canada, owing to the small size of the theatres. Plans are already being made for a tour next year with longer stays in each city, which should result in greater profits. Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann, and Frederick Ashton stayed a few days longer in New York before returning for the Boxing Day production of *Cinderella* at Covent Garden

A WORT KETTLE FOR THE ARGENTINE: A police escort accompanied the kettle from its manufacturers, A. G. Tourell and Co., Ltd., at Isleworth, to Chiswick, where it was packed for shipping to an Argentine brewery. Wort is the infusion of malt which becomes beer, when fermented. The 25,000-litre kettle for brewing lager in the above picture was made from hand-beaten segments welded together. The inner pan measures 14 ins. in diameter: 8 tons of copper, varying in thickness from $\frac{7}{8}$-ins. to $\frac{1}{2}$-in., were used in the construction of the kettle, which is 72 ft. high and 14 ft. in diameter

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ATTENDS TWO FUNCTIONS ON THE SAME DAY: *On the left*—Dr. Geoffrey Fisher takes tea with Indian girls when chief guest at the Christmas reception of the Indian Students' Union and Hostel (the Indian Y.M.C.A.) at the Macmillan Hall of the University of London Senate House. *On right*—On the afternoon of the same day, the Archbishop, sitting next to Mr. Stephen King-Hall and Lord Jowitt, heard Mr. Attlee make a speech during the ceremony of opening the new headquarters of the Hansard Society at 39, Millbank. Many tributes were paid to the Society. Lord Samuel said that the politics of to-day were the history of to-morrow, and *Hansard* was history's ear, already listening

THE NEW PRINCIPAL OF ASHRIDGE COLLEGE: Admiral Sir Denis Boyd, D.S.C., at his desk after his appointment. The storm which arose over the decision to set up a new department at Ashridge for women from the House of Citizenship in Bramham Gardens, Kensington, led to the resignation of General Sir Bernard Paget as Principal of the College. Captain Henry Gordon, secretary of Ashridge College, has been acting Principal until the appointment of Admiral Sir Denis Boyd. Sir Denis declares the new department to be a first-class idea

A PERSONAL AND FACTUAL CHECK ON A FILM: Captain Peter Churchill, M.C., D.S.O., Anna Neagle, Mrs. Odette Churchill, G.C., and Trevor Howard at the Boreham Wood Film Studios, where Miss Neagle plays Mrs. Churchill in the film "Odette, G.C.," which Herbert Wilcox is producing. *Odette, G.C.*, is based on the wartime exploits of Odette Sansom (Mrs. Churchill). Mrs. Churchill received the George Cross for her work as a British agent in occupied France and for her great bravery when, captured and tortured by the Gestapo, she refused to betray her commanding officer, Captain Churchill (whom she married), and another officer

THE MAKING OF A BILLINGSGATE BOWLER: *On left*—John Fain works on a fish-porter's bowler in his workshop in Lovat Lane. *On right*—Michael Hart, who has worked in Billingsgate for twenty-five years, tries one on for size. Each "bowler" is made in eight hours and will last several years: 5 lb. of leather, 400 brass rivets and 30 ft. of waxed thread go into the making of the hats, which cost £5 10s. each and enable the porters to carry up to 2-cwt. loads on their heads. The hats have upturned brims to catch the water which drips from the fish boxes. The porters usually add padding to cushion the heavy loads they carry. Besides his trade in Billingsgate bowlers, Mr. Fain also makes and repairs boots

MAKING A FRUIT-PICKING LADDER IN THE RURAL INDUSTRY WORKSHOP IN THE FOREST OF DEAN, GLOUCESTERSHIRE: The special wide base of the ladder may be noted in the above picture. The growth of agriculture has brought more work to the rural craftsmen, who make farm requisites such as fencing, hurdles, tools and ladders. Fruit-picking ladders of special design are the speciality of the Dean Forest Rural Industry. The ladders have a wide splay at the base and, besides being much favoured locally, they are rapidly becoming popular all over the country. The forest workshop also turns out large quantities of sheep hurdles and fencing, and tent pegs

RURAL CRAFTSMEN IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Stacking a consignment of fencing near Longhope in the Forest of Dean, where the Dean Forest Rural Industry makes various types of farm implements and necessities. Thousands of tent pegs are also made, but most of these are exported

MEN WITH MANY FINGERS
MEN WITH SHOW-CLASS BEARDS

The Camera Records the Unusual in Three Lands

THE VILLAGE OF FINGERS IN THE SPANISH MOUNTAINS: Here at Cervera de Buitrago the inhabitants are known to have up to eighteen fingers each! Almost everyone has at least six fingers per hand

A HUSBAND AND WIFE WITH TWENTY-EIGHT FINGERS BETWEEN THEM: The fingers on the man's left hand differ from those of the woman, which appear to be joined together in several places

THE MAYOR OF THE VILLAGE DISPLAYS HIS ARRAY OF FINGERS: In accordance with local custom, he is able to show the number which qualifies him for the mayoral office

Hidden away in the mountains, 500 miles from Madrid, the tiny village of Cervera de Buitrago has one claim to fame—almost every one of its 300 inhabitants has at least six fingers on one or both hands, sometimes seven or nine. A man who possesses only five fingers is considered a freak! Such an unfortunate fellow could never expect to become Mayor or judge of the village. Spanish and foreign doctors who studied the phenomenon found out that centuries ago a married couple with six fingers had built the first house in these mountains. Later nobody with fewer than six fingers was allowed to settle in the village. Members of families inter-married, and the six-finger strain became permanent.

THE ONLY MAN CLEANSHAVEN WAS A HAIRDRESSER, AND HE WAS THE JUDGE OF SOUTH AFRICA'S BEARDED CONTESTANTS! The final in the championships of the Beard Growers' Society of the Cape was held recently to judge the best beard grown within the last six months. The competitors were divided into three categories and the winners were Mr. D. A. M. L. Kriel (chin beard), Mr. F. E. Osborne (full beard) and Mr. M. J. Calitz (Kruger beard). The judge, Mr. D. W. Pienaar, had a difficult time, as there were many entries, but the beards were judged on beauty and texture and not so much on size or length of hair. In the front row seated (with cups) are, left to right—Mr. Calitz; Mr. Osborne; Mr. D. W. Pienaar, the judge, who is a Cape Town hairdresser; and Mr. Kriel. The winners expressed a wish that they might visit the Voortrekker Monument in Pretoria in order to see the efforts of beard-growers from other parts of the Union. It was arranged that those taking part in the ceremony at the Monument would endeavour to cultivate beards similar to those worn by the old trekkers

MEJISOLA OF LAGOS WEDS SAMUEL OF IBADAN—A PICTURESQUE WEDDING AT A LONDON METHODIST CHURCH: Both the bride and bridegroom are members of the Yoruba tribe of Nigeria. Mejisola Omodele Coker is seen signing the register at Wandsworth Bridge Road Methodist Church, S.W., while her husband, Samuel Layinola Durosaro (second from left) looks on. The members of the wedding group wore tribal dress. The bride is studying at the Institute of Education, and the bridegroom, who came to this country in September, is a law student

HURLED TO DEATH—AN AMERICAN MOTORIST THROWN INTO THE TELEPHONE WIRES AFTER HIS CAR HAD ROLLED OVER IN INDIANA: Mr. Ronald Bryant, of Muncie, Ind., was catapulted into the wires as his car crashed near Alexandria. Alexandria firemen raced to the scene and are here seen as they prepared to lower the motorist to the ground. Mr. Bryant succumbed to his injuries half an hour later in a local hospital

THIS IS HOW THEY DO IT!—CUTTING GRASS ON A STEEP BANK: Two employees of Rochester Council at work beneath the city's sign. The machine is a motor-driven lawn mower propelled by one man, while another holds on to a rope at the top of the sloped bank

AN ENGLISH ALICE IN A WALT DISNEY WONDERLAND : Kathryn Beaumont, the eleven-year-old daughter of a London singer, Kenneth Beaumont, is to provide the "off-the-screen" voice of Alice in a new Walt Disney all-cartoon version of Lewis Carroll's classic story. She was photographed with Ed Wynn, famous American comedian, who will provide the voice of the Mad Hatter

AN ENGLISH ALICE IN A DISNEY WONDERLAND

The Ballet of the Hands : "Cinderella on Ice"

THE BALLET OF THE HANDS : Three studies of the performance given by Mr. Harold Cheshire at the New Lindsey Theatre, in Notting Hill Gate, earlier this month. The one-man ballet, "The Hands," was suggested by Albrecht Dürer's celebrated wood-cut "Praying Hands." *In the top picture*, the hands are intended to convey Evil menacing Good ; *in the centre*, Good Triumphs over Evil ; and *at the bottom*, The Praying Hands make the finale

A PANTOMIME ON ICE : Valerie Moon as Prince Charming, Maj Britt as Cinderella, and Paddy Woods as Dandini in "Cinderella on Ice," the Christmas show at the Empress Hall, Earl's Court, which will begin on Boxing Day. *Cinderella* is well to the fore in this year's Christmas productions. The Sadler's Wells Ballet, returned from their triumphant tour of Canada and the United States, open their season at the Royal Opera House also on Boxing Day and also with *Cinderella*, the cast including Margot Fonteyn, Frederick Ashton and Robert Helpmann. More conventional productions of *Cinderella* are being performed at the People's Palace, in the Mile End Road, and at the Finsbury Park Empire. The ice show has the Swedish skating star, Maj Britt, as Cinderella. Eva Nykova (from Nottingham) is the Good Fairy, and Diana Grafton and Jack Harnett the Ugly Sisters

38,500 MILES IN SEARCH OF CHRISTMAS

Preparing the Christmas Day "Hook-up" Empire Broadcast

By CHARLES GRAVES

TO-MORROW'S Christmas Day broadcast, the sixteenth in succession, will make a real break with the traditional presentation of the past. In previous years the producers of the annual round-up before the King's Christmas message at 3 p.m. always relied for Empire contributions from some man or woman on the spot—usually a hard-worked local correspondent of the regional radio station, though in some cases there was a local B.B.C. official. In either event they were briefed in advance by the B.B.C. and did that job exceedingly well. There were two difficulties, however. The first was to establish proper contact and communication with them by cable. The second was that the contributions taken on direct transmission from remote places were frequently of poor quality owing to atmospherics.

Until now the theory has been that the public was sufficiently intrigued by the remoteness of the places from which the "live" broadcast was made as to justify their continuance, even if they were almost inaudible. It has, however, been decided by Mr. D. G. Bridson, who has succeeded Mr. Laurence Gilliam as co-producer with Leonard Cottrell, that the glamour of "live" broadcasts is becoming tarnished, and that it is much better to have recorded broadcasts of good quality made under the supervision of special B.B.C. correspondents sent from headquarters to get the feel, the smell and the flavour of the selected locality. As a result, Leonard Cottrell himself has been to British Guiana, the Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad, the Bahamas and Bermuda. Matthew Halton has been to Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Malaya, Hong Kong and Malta; while Colin Wills has been to Kenya, North and South Rhodesia, the Gold Coast and Nigeria.

Before, however, giving a preview of what this trio have in store for us to-morrow, it must be emphasised that there will still be a considerable amount of "live" broadcasts. There will, for example, be a broadcast from an oilfield at Le Duc in Alberta, where the last worker to emerge before to-morrow will have been pre-recorded, and the Christmas party of the staff engineers and their families will come straight over the air. From South Africa will come the "live" broadcast of the Christmas party at the Witbank Mine in the new gold-belt of the Orange Free State, where the men will be working right through Christmas. The scene at this new Johannesburg is still empty veldt. It is expected, however, that in sixty years there will be a population of 500,000, and an old miner who remembers the gold rush of sixty years ago well, will compare it with the present strike.

The "live" broadcast from Australia will include men drilling a tunnel 27 miles long through Mount Kosciusko, memorable to all school children learning geography, in order to divert the Snowy River and turn it west instead of east, thus helping the irrigation of the Murray Valley. Farmers in the Murray Valley who are to benefit from this daring engineering job will come on the air a minute or two later, and will send greetings to the immigrant ship, the *Fiesole*, which sailed from London on December 3 and will to-morrow be in the Indian Ocean with 1,000 immigrants on board, some of whom are actually on their way to the Murray Valley and some of whom gave a pre-recorded interview at Liverpool Street Station on their departure. There will be no message from Mr. Menzies nor from Mr. Holland, the two new Ausie premiers, for the B.B.C. is non-political. There will, however, be a direct transmission from a farm on the North Island of New Zealand, where the ex-R.N.Z.A.F. pilots, who have been squatting hereabouts and top-dressing from there aircraft on to the hill farms, will be entertained by their employers.

In this way the "live" transmissions will be presenting the Empire as an economic whole and a family union, explaining what is growing and what is happening, encouraging immigration, cheering listeners with information of the big schemes on foot overseas to help us and the sterling group. This all sounds rather factual and with the emphasis on Empire economics. It is intended, however, that the Christmas spirit will overlay the theme of Empire development.

Back in England there will be another "live" broadcast from a typical English family gathering. As I write, this family has not been selected and has not the slightest idea that its Christmas festivities will be largely ruined by a last-minute irruption of B.B.C. engineers, who will drink any whisky available and generally turn the whole house or flat into chaos with their cables and microphones.

Now about the three special correspondents. They will be introduced by Howard Marshall, the narrator. Leonard Cottrell will send personal greetings to the various people and places which he visited on his flying trip during last month and this; trace his journey along the B.O.A.C. routes, then stand by for the recorded transmissions. A sugar estate in Trinidad, owned by a Scot, who will send his greetings to his home family, has been selected, so has the scene of East India natives on the estate. Actually, they are Hindoos, but as the Christians hold their parties at Christmas they are doing the same. Better still, a special Christmas Day Calypso has been written and composed by none other than that redoubtable character, "Attila the Hun." It will be sung by "Lion," "Tiger" and "Lord Invader," the composer of that famous Calypso "Coca-Cola" and "Yankee Dollar."

The chorus goes:

"Happy, happy Christmas to you
These greetings are sincere and true.
We send you our greetings where'er you may be,
In the air, on the land, or over the sea."

It was both written and composed by Attila the Hun, whose real name is Raymond Quovedo, in less than an hour. Jamaican folk songs, a coloured choir in Bermuda, tree frogs, whistlers and other tropical night sounds, will also be transmitted. A coloured student from British Guiana, by the name of Harold Drayton, will send greetings from the new University College of Jamaica, described already as the "future Oxford of the Caribbean."

Colin Wills covered 14,500 miles in a matter of weeks, looking for material for the broadcast. Like Matthew Halton, he was not sure until the last minute what items that he recorded would appear on the air to-morrow. The Mayor of Nairobi, our first Colonial city-to-be, will certainly speak, however. It is also expected that a number of Kikuyu children on a Kenya coffee plantation will be heard singing hymns, both in English and their native language. One can also expect Ernest Simms-Baker, a foreman at the Broken Hill zinc and silver mine, to utter Christmas greetings from Northern Rhodesia. Africans on a cattle ranch, also in Northern Rhodesia, were recorded as they sang their special Christmas Day greetings to their employer. At Livingstone, near Victoria Falls, we will hear the sound of a saw-mill sawing logs of teak.

In Southern Rhodesia rock-breaking machinery in a gold mine can also be expected, together with an English family sing-song, performing, among other tunes, an excerpt from "In Jacaranda Time," written by the head of the family; native cocoa farmers arguing about the price and quality of their cocoa with the buyers on the Gold Coast; a gathering of chiefs followed by a higlif—a local kind of song and dance, and the band of the Emir of Kano, are other likely high spots. The ancient walled city of Kano is where the caravans from Lake Chad and Timbuctoo and the remotest parts of the Sahara meet regularly. The Emir's band consists of all kinds of drums, 7-ft. silver trumpets, rattles, triangles, cow bells and ancient matchlocks which are fired at frequent intervals. Also from Kano will be heard Sister Barbara Powter, of Maidstone, Kent, the only resident European within hundreds of miles. She runs two baby clinics which treat thousands of native children each year.

Matthew Halton, who flew 12,000 miles, was also unsure up to the last minute as to what of his countless recordings will be given an airing to-morrow. He expects, however, that Jim Jolly, the port director of Hong Kong, will be heard announcing "Hong Kong will never be taken and our greatest days are still ahead." In Ceylon, Matthew Halton visited a five-year-old irrigation scheme which fell into disuse in the twelfth century, and is now being reconstructed. Women in the new irrigated paddy fields at Polonnaruwa will be heard singing folk songs and chattering like golden parrots. From Delhi you can expect to hear crowds praying and priests chanting in the Birla temple built for Gandhi by the millionaire of that name. From Karachi will come folk songs and market sounds, and possibly an Indian snake-charmer.

Malaya will also figure in the programme, but certainly not the interview with a bandit whom Matthew Halton was allowed to interrogate shortly after capture, nor the Rongeng dance, in spite of its fascinating Chinese melody.

Altogether, Cottrell, Halton and Wills covered 38,500 miles between them. Let us hope that to-morrow will prove that their journey was not unnecessary. Altogether, fourteen colonies and seven dominions will be represented in the hour's transmission which will precede the King's message to his people.

LEONARD COTTRELL ON HIS TRAVELS: The co-producer of the Christmas Day broadcast is seen (towards left) with students and members of the staff of the New University College of the West Indies which will figure in to-morrow's broadcast. The buildings in the distance are ex-Army huts which are now being used for temporary accommodation. The New University will serve the whole of the Caribbean group of British colonies

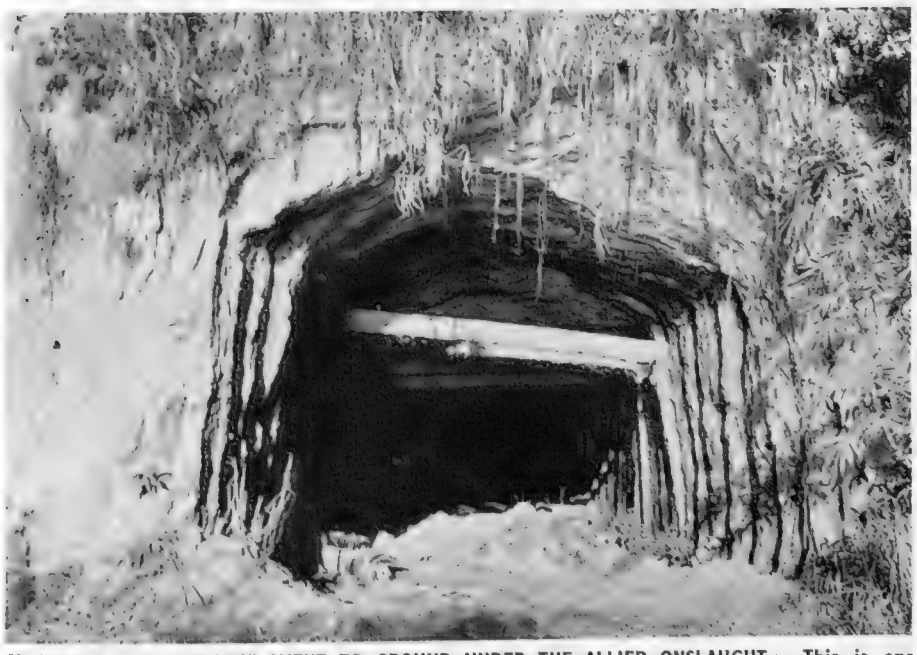
IN THE LAND OF THE CALYPSO: Included in this year's Christmas Day "hook-up" will be a specially-written Christmas Day Calypso recorded in Trinidad by several leading Calypso singers. In the centre stands Leonard Cottrell, who went out to supervise the broadcast, and on his left hand is "Lord Invader," composer of "Rum and Coca-Cola." On Cottrell's right hand are "Tiger" (in white shirt), "Attila the Hun," composer of the Christmas Calypso, and "Lion," who is seen holding the Maraccas

RABAUL, ONCE THE SEAT OF AUSTRALIAN ADMINISTRATION IN NEW GUINEA AND A FLOURISHING SEAPORT, NOW LANGUISHES BENEATH THE PACIFIC SUN, ITS WHARVES DERELICT AND ITS HOUSES IN RUINS: An aerial view of the town and harbour, showing in the foreground the Lakunia airstrip used by the Japanese. The cumulative effects of Allied bombing are still apparent in the scarred landscape, where the lush tropical vegetation has not fully re-established itself. Round the harbour in the distance all is in ruins, and, indeed, the war damage to the town was so great that the Australians decided at the conclusion of hostilities that Kokopo would in future be the administrative headquarters for the District of New Britain. Rabaul was first attacked by waves of Japanese bombers in January 1942, and by the end of the month, despite determined opposition by the garrison, it fell into the hands of Japanese troops. The Japanese transformed Rabaul into one of their chief supply bases for the assault on Australia, installing huge underground dumps and fortifications

IN RABAUL TO-DAY

The New Guinea Seaport Knocked Out by the Tides of Pacific War

GRIM REMINDERS OF THE STRUGGLE IN THE SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC: These 4·7 naval guns were mounted by the Japanese overlooking the entrance to the harbour at Rabaul. Now they are rapidly becoming overgrown with vegetation, giving the appearance that they have just been submitted to some dexterous camouflaging. Around about lie empty bottles, old bully-beef tins and petrol "flimsies" and all the "junk" of war



AT RABAUL THE JAPANESE WENT TO GROUND UNDER THE ALLIED ONSLAUGHT: This is one of the short bays built into the rocky shore for storing boats during the daytime. Altogether the Japanese built 570 miles of tunnels at Rabaul, using them as workshops and storage places. But for these tunnels they would have made an early retreat

VICTIM OF THE ALLIED BLITZ: This huge floating crane lying derelict in Rabaul Harbour was ferried to Rabaul from Singapore by the Japanese in order to assist in loading operations. It received a hit from Allied bombers and collapsed into the water, maintaining this grotesque position

HITLER TAKES THE SALUTE FROM THE BALCONY AS THE NAZI COHORTS MARCH PAST WITH TORCHLIGHTS: Hitler (Georg Thomalla) in a scene from the musical comedy, "I Was Hitler's Moustache," which has been drawing crowds to Berlin's Kabarett der Komiker. The skit deals with a postman, Christian Nothnagel, who has been chosen to play the part of Hitler in a film of the Führer's life. He plays it so well that he begins to live the part and, unable to shake off his dictatorial habits in private life, all his friends desert him. The score and lyrics are by Guenter Neumann, who received this year a Venice Festival Award for his film, "Berlin Ballad"

HITLER GUYED IN A BERLIN COMEDY

Scenes from I Was Hitler's Moustache

HITLER ENJOYS THE NIGHT LIFE OF BERLIN WITH THE DANGEROUS KATJA: Georg Thomalla and Rita Paul in a scene from "I Was Hitler's Moustache," the skit which has been proving such a popular attraction at the Kabarett der Komiker

CHRISTIAN NOTHNAGEL THE POSTMAN PREPARES TO MAKE THE VITAL FILM TEST WHICH LAUNCHES HIM ON HIS CAREER AS A DICTATOR: Helping him on to the stool from which he will make a practice oration are Producer Mumpitz (played by Bruno Fritz) and the Director (Herbert Weissbach). In the background stands the tailor who has devised Hitler's costume. Hitler is shown without trousers in this scene because, as the director points out, economy in film-making is vital

THE THWARTED DICTATOR: All his friends have left the Postman Dictator, so Christian Nothnagel, in a fit of despair, emulates Adolf No. 1 by chewing the carpet. At each performance this never fails to produce frenzied applause among the wealthy folk who throng the Kabarett der Komiker

MORE BAD NEWS FOR ADOLF: The Postman Dictator hoped to win the ex-officer's daughter as his bride, but the Major and his wife, a couple of the old school, do not want a postman in the family, so the three of them show him the door

PENGUIN PARADE: A visitor from the Antarctic provides entertainment for Lieut.-Commander Peter Scott and members of the Boy Scouts Association dressed for Antarctic weather aboard the "Discovery" at the Thames Embankment. When this picture was taken Lieut.-Commander Scott had just opened in "Discovery" an exhibition of equipment used in Polar surveys

WHAT to WEAR in ANTARCTICA

An Exhibition Aboard the Royal Research Ship *Discovery*

It would be hard to say who proved the bigger attraction at the opening of the polar equipment exhibition aboard *Discovery*, Lieut.-Commander Peter Scott, son of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, of Antarctic fame, or Mr. John Mills, the film actor, who played the title-role in the film *Scott of the Antarctic*.

The *Discovery*, which was presented to the Boy Scouts Association for training sea scouts, contains a permanent collection of relics connected with Scott's expeditions, and the present exhibition compares the methods, now used in the Falkland Islands Survey, with those of the national Antarctic expedition of 1901-4.

Lieut.-Commander Scott, in his remarks at the opening ceremony, advised those who were interested in exploration to obtain a good background of scientific knowledge. He said that enthusiasm and determination were vital qualifications. Fine chances of exploration were offered by the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, but he thought it important that there should be national expeditions to other parts of the world. The exhibition will be open until January 21

A POLAR EXPLORER COOKS THE EVENING MEAL: He is one of the members of the Boy Scouts Association demonstrating polar equipment in the celebrated research ship "Discovery"

PETER PERCIVAL, A SEA SCOUT OF THE "DISCOVERY," HOLDING A SHEATHBILL FROM THE ANTARCTIC: The bird was brought back to Britain by the SS. "John Biscoe"

ESTABLISHING AN ANTARCTIC BASE: Members of an expedition are seen with the equipment they would carry on their sledge for pitching camp and for maintaining life while on the march

THE ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP "DISCOVERY" DRESSED OVERALL: The famous ship, where the exhibition of equipment is being held throughout the Christmas holiday season, seen at her moorings

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A CHRISTMASTIDE ASSORTMENT

Mr. Muggeridge Explores the Literary Undergrowth; Melodrama in "The White South"; and a New Jalna Novel

WHAT a fruitful field for speculation is a literary collaboration! Who, for instance, writes what piece or pieces, and what happens when they disagree, as often they must? For our entertainment, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge creates "Anthony Anstruther," a successful collaboration in thrillers. One half, Ossian Routledge, expires dramatically in the British Museum. As it turns out, the other half, Philip Ambrose, had good reason to loathe him.

In AFFAIRS OF THE HEART (Hamish Hamilton. 8s. 6d.) Mr. Muggeridge indulges in plenty of fun and games with what "Beachcomber" calls the "booksy boys." Wraithby, the impecunious hack whom Ossian's wife employs to unravel the mystery of her husband's death, is a deliciously malicious study. So are the gradually-emerging details of Ossian's four mistresses, how they came into his life and what they got up to. Getting nowhere with his seamy researches (but providing us with a lot of fun in the process), Wraithby is on the point of giving up when the unexpected climax turns up to complete a high-spirited tale. Exploring the literary undergrowth, Mr. Muggeridge has an unerring eye for the right stone to turn over, and a ruthlessly wicked pen with which to skewer some prize specimens.

Melodrama in the grand manner is Mr. Hammond Innes' achievement in THE WHITE SOUTH (Collins. 9s. 6d.), the Book Society's current choice. When whalers sail, can Moby Dick be far behind? A great whaling factory ship of 20,000 tons, equipped with the very latest modern machinery and devices, can still fall victim to the pitiless forces of nature in the frozen Antarctic. Five hundred men are trapped: the last message to reach the outside world is that the ship is abandoned. The headlines stream across the world's newspapers; the ice closes in; nothing more is heard, and the story fades. "We were alone," writes the narrator, Duncan Craig, an ex-naval officer, "without hope of rescue, and I think we felt our smallness and were afraid." In telling what happened, Mr. Innes raises a story of human endurance, courage and endeavour to an epic level worthy of this clash of human and natural forces in all their ruthlessness. The reader will be well rewarded to be patient with a slow beginning.

Everybody who is familiar with the Whiteoaks saga will be eager to welcome Miss Mazo de la Roche's new Jalna novel, MARY WAKEFIELD (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.). Nor will they be put out to find that this novel goes back to 1893, to the childhood of Meg and Renny and to tell how the attractive Mary Wakefield is brought over from England to be their governess. Those who know the chronicles will, of course, also know how she came to marry Philip Whiteoak, but this novel fills in the details of her contest with the formidable Adeline and, becoming the centre of a violent family dispute, how she eventually triumphed in her struggle with the rest of the clan. Miss de la Roche's achievement is that she is able to make this novel stand on its own, and it is not at all necessary to know what happened before or after in order to enjoy it. The personality of the old grandmother is a formidable enough test of the author's ability to make a character stand and dominate in her own right, and there is that in this novel which is good enough to make any newcomer go to the rest of the Whiteoaks chronicles for further pleasure and entertainment.

TROY AND THE MAYPOLE (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) appears to be Mr. Winston Clewes' fourth novel. I seem to remember finishing the last one, *Journey into Spring*, with the hope that his next would fulfil all the promise which undoubtedly is there. The same qualities of sensitive observation and careful craftsmanship are present in *Troy and the Maypole*, but somehow one has to confess that this is not quite the book we have been looking for. Briefly, it is a story of four friends, three men and a girl, who grow up in the years between the wars in the remote, half-forgotten port of Creswich. We meet them from childhood onwards, full of bright hopes, eager friendships and shining ambition.

TREASURE-TROVE FROM AFRICA: Mr. J. P. de Vries, a correspondent of the *Cape Times*, standing outside the old shed in the backyard of the former administrative building of Stellenbosch University, where a collection of valuable Africana has been found in the shape of documents and newspapers collected by the late Dr. W. J. Leyds, State Secretary of the South African Republic under Paul Kruger. Among the papers were Dr. Leyds' memoirs and copies of THE SPHERE for the year 1900. Some of these copies are seen in the foreground. The frontispiece shown is that of July 14, 1900, and records the visit of the Tsar and Tsaritsa with their daughter to Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales at Balmoral. Needless to say, the issue contains much news of the South African War

Youth passes, but unfulfilment and frustration encompass them on every side and friendship grows dim. This careful and almost meticulous study of contrasted characters and spiritual disintegration might have been more successful if the author had not attempted to force the pace with action too violent for its tempo. At the same time, Mr. Winston Clewes proves himself to be a writer with gifts above the average, and undoubtedly his best book is yet to come.

Signor Giuseppe Berto will be remembered as the Italian author of that unique war-book, *The Sky is Red*, written, we are told, while he was a prisoner of war in the United States. THE WORKS OF GOD (Secker and Warburg. 8s. 6d.) is a book of short stories, and the scene, once more, is the last war as it was waged in Italy. Signor Berto may have written one good novel, but he has not yet mastered the more difficult art of the short story, for none of these rises above the erratic value of something which might conveniently fit the pages of a popular magazine. Some day we may get an Italian war-book written from the point of view of some of these millions of Italians who fought *against* us, for it is hard to believe that the entire Italian nation were active partisans, or, even in other ways, supporters of the cause of their enemies.

It is easy to understand why Mr. Arthur Meeker's PRAIRIE AVENUE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) should be a best-selling success in its native United States. The scene is Chicago in the closing years of the last century and the early years of the twentieth. The metropolis of the Middle West had passed beyond the rumbustious frontier stages and was settling down into a solid and comfortable prosperity. At least, a goodly number of its worthy citizens were, and the Stack family, delightfully and realistically drawn by Mr. Meeker, had all the solidarity and self-assurance of their type. Many years separated each generation of them, but Ned Ramsay was to find, through all those contrasts, a persistent line of character, and although Aunt Lydia was to cause trouble in her own way, we find Almira at the other end of the scale running true to type as well. Through it all runs the central theme of the gradual decay of Prairie Avenue itself, and the book ends on the note of its inevitable doom.

Very welcome is INCLINATIONS, by Edward Sackville-West (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), in which we find a critic of sense and sensibility with a wide range of an æsthetic experience and a deep knowledge of European as well as English literature. In this book he discusses thirteen novelists, four poets, a diarist and a painter. Eleven of his subjects are English, seven French and three German. With him we can see Dickens, George Eliot, George Meredith and Henry James anew, and re-assess Stendhal and Zola as well as meditating upon André Malraux and what Mr. Sackville-West calls the novel of action. This book is an intellectual feast fastidiously chosen and served, and containing a satisfying number of enthusiasms among the main dishes.

THE DEATH OF A GOD (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.) is a collection of nineteen short stories by Sir Osbert Sitwell. Most of them have appeared before, an exception being "Staggered Holiday," which is a vignette on a Kensington theme introducing the Round Pond and the Albert Memorial, a subject with which Sir Osbert Sitwell is supremely able to deal.

IN CHAPTER OF GOVERNESSES (Cohen and West. 12s. 6d.), Miss Katharine West collects specimens from fiction ranging over the past 150 years. From Maria Edgeworth to Henry James, and from Conrad to I. Compton-Burnett, the harvest is as rich and rewarding as it is diversive and diverting.

PO, POET and POLITICIAN

Arthur Waley's New Biography

Arthur Waley's THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PO CHU-I, A.D. 772-846 (Allen and Unwin. 18s.), is a tantalising volume, but none the less rewarding. It is the first full biography of this Chinese poet-statesman of the ninth century to appear in the English language, and contains many translations of Po's finely imaginative work. It is tantalising because, somehow or other, we do not quite get to grips with the background of the times, with the settings in which the poet lived and worked. We know that Po was brought up at a period of great political disorder, when North-East China was in revolt against the Tang Dynasty, when local war lords set up independent administrations, but for most of us with a slender knowledge of Chinese history and a modest acquaintance with Chinese topography, fuller explanation would have been welcome. Po Chu-I, because of his writings, his letters that bespeak his genius for friendship, his verses that testify to his love of nature and his love of life, looms large enough, however, and more than that it is perhaps churlish to ask of any biographer. Po's comparative failure in politics, his hatred during his short term as Governor of Soochow of condemning peasants to be thrashed, his weariness with the importunities of endless official visitors and with the never-diminishing pile of documents that came upon his desk, make him a very human figure. His love of leisure was not born of sloth, but of a deep knowledge of how to make the best use of any freedom that came his way. Although it is not possible to judge the metrical quality of Po's verse (that is a pleasure that the erudite Mr. Waley can enjoy in the original) the measure of this poet's genius is plain to see in his gift of imagery. Po was an indefatigable versifier. He even made the appointment of a fellow poet to be Second Secretary of the Water Board the occasion for an outburst of song. Most of his poems, however, touch upon the countryside he loved so well. Po tells of days tramping through the rain and mud "South of the Ranges," of calm and lovely days in spring admiring the fresh beauty of the streams, and of a leisurely journey to Ch'ang-an in which in two lines he summed up his gentle philosophy:—

> "*What is the use of fighting against wind and tide*
> *In an effort to force the pace of my journey home?*"

When the first of the quarterly volumes of *The Yellow Book* emerged in 1894, under the editorship of Henry Harland and Aubrey Beardsley, it was welcomed and decried at one and the same time. Some said it was decadence epitomised, the essence of *fin de siècle*, others welcomed it as a ray of light in a stuffy world, a world of artistic complacency. People found it hard to forgive the editors for "daring to be Edwardian with Victoria still on the throne." At this distance of time it is not easy to appreciate all that sound and fury, the heart-searchings and misgivings of the editors before they launched their bombshell upon the world of literature and art. Norman Denny, however, ably recaptures the atmosphere of the original thirteen volumes issued between 1894 and 1897 in his new compilation THE YELLOW BOOK: A SELECTION (The Bodley Head. 15s.). This is not an anthology that looks for the best and ignores the worst, so much as a cross-section of the whole.

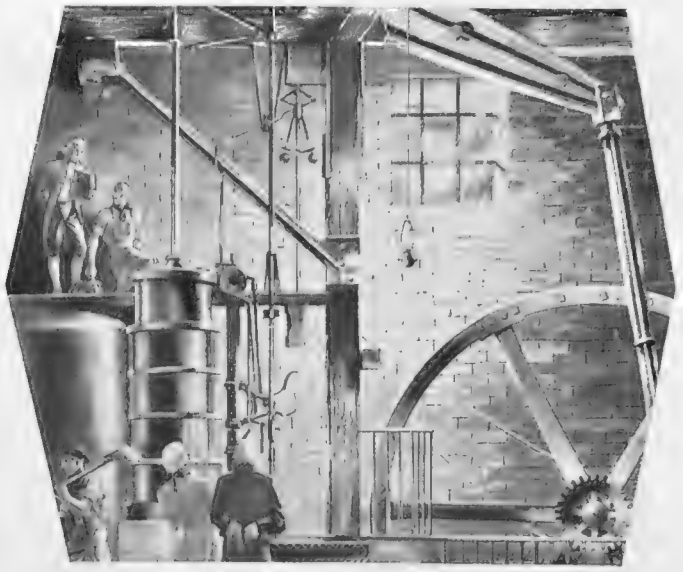
The County Books, edited by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, are uniform in appearance and, without exception, first-rate, but beyond that they are as individual as one could wish, revealing each particular county in the manner best suited to its particular character. Mrs. Lovett Turner, the author of the newly-published volume on SOMERSET (Robert Hale. 15s.), has caught the atmosphere of this lovely West Country county with rare skill, and she obviously writes of the Somerset countryman with a deep personal knowledge of his ways. Mrs. Turner, both in the town and in the countryside, has a wealth of material to deal with in this county, which includes Exmoor and the Quantocks, Bath, Wells and Glastonbury, not to mention a part of romantic Bristol which, incidentally, is claimed in part by Gloucestershire, and is regarded by many Bristolians as a county in its own right.

The incorrigible Topsy and her spouse, Haddock, M.P., the brilliant creations of A. P. Herbert, now appear in generous Christmas measure in THE TOPSY OMNIBUS (Ernest Benn, Ltd. 12s. 6d.). This large helping of excellent fooling includes *The Trials of Topsy*, *Topsy, M.P.*, and *Topsy Turvy*.

Map-making, probably the oldest of the graphic arts, has so far had no general work devoted to it in the English language, the bulk of the literature on the subject being in the form of expensive monographs or scattered in the publications of various learned societies. Mr. R. V. Tooley, well known as an authority on the history of cartography, has now filled the yawning gap with his admirable book MAPS AND MAP-MAKERS (Batsford. 30s.). As with so many Batsford publications, the illustrations are admirably chosen and well reproduced. From the same publishing house comes another specialised volume, CHILDREN'S GAMES THROUGHOUT THE YEAR (Batsford. 18s.), by Leslie Daiken. Mr. Daiken is somewhat of an authority on folklore and anthropology, and he is thus able to enlighten us on the origins of many of the age-old games which children still play

Now appearing in this country for the first time is Jeannette Mirsky's TO THE ARCTIC (Allan Wingate. 21s.). This story of northern exploration, from the earliest times to the present, first appeared in the United States in 1934 and is undoubtedly a classic in its field.

WHITBREAD IN ENGLISH HISTORY



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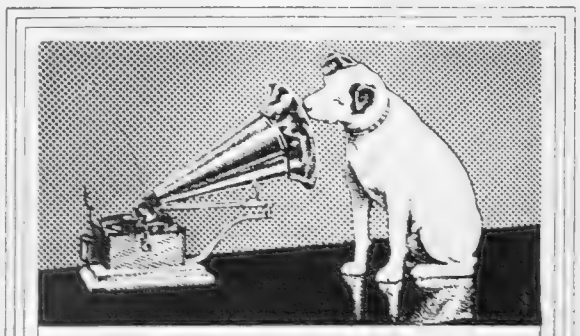

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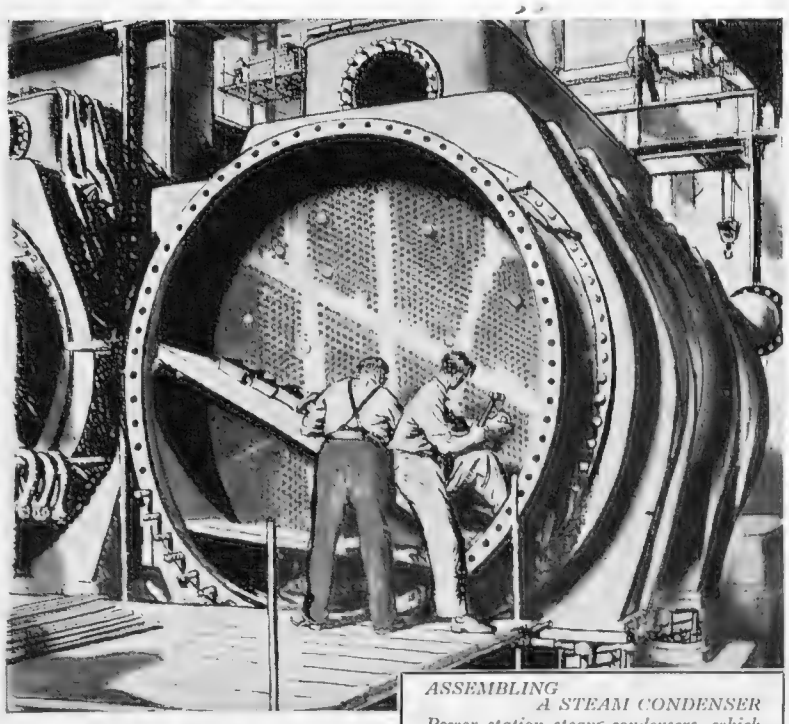

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BRITISH ELECTRICITY

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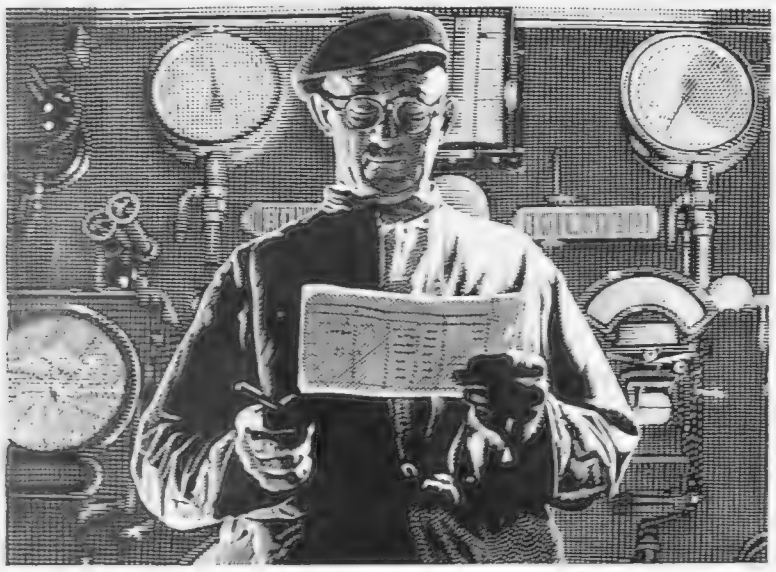

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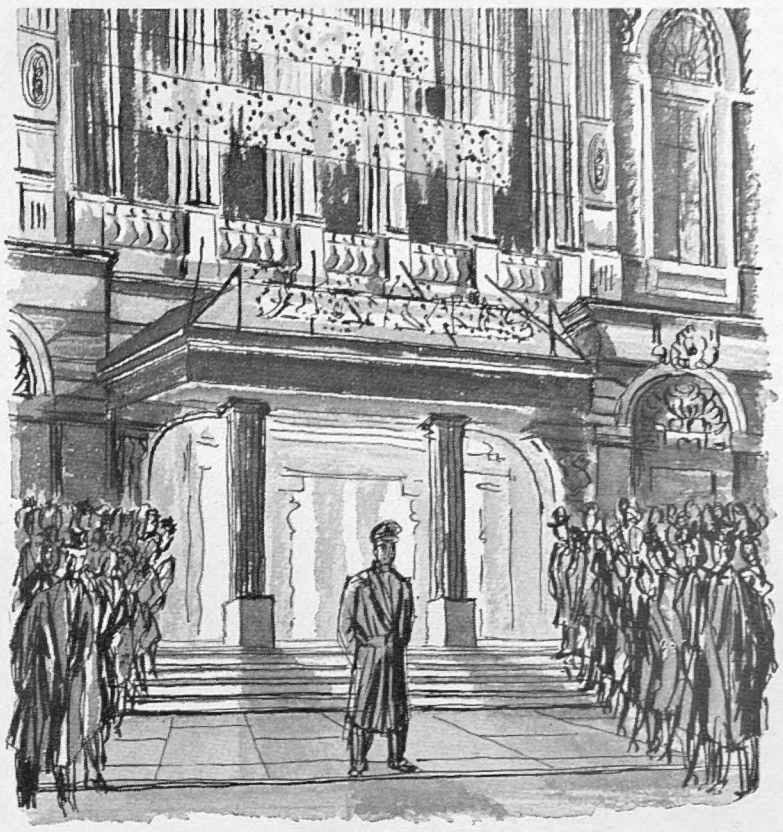

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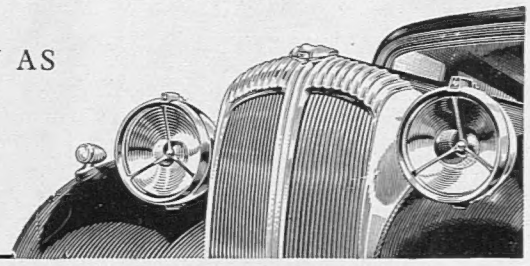

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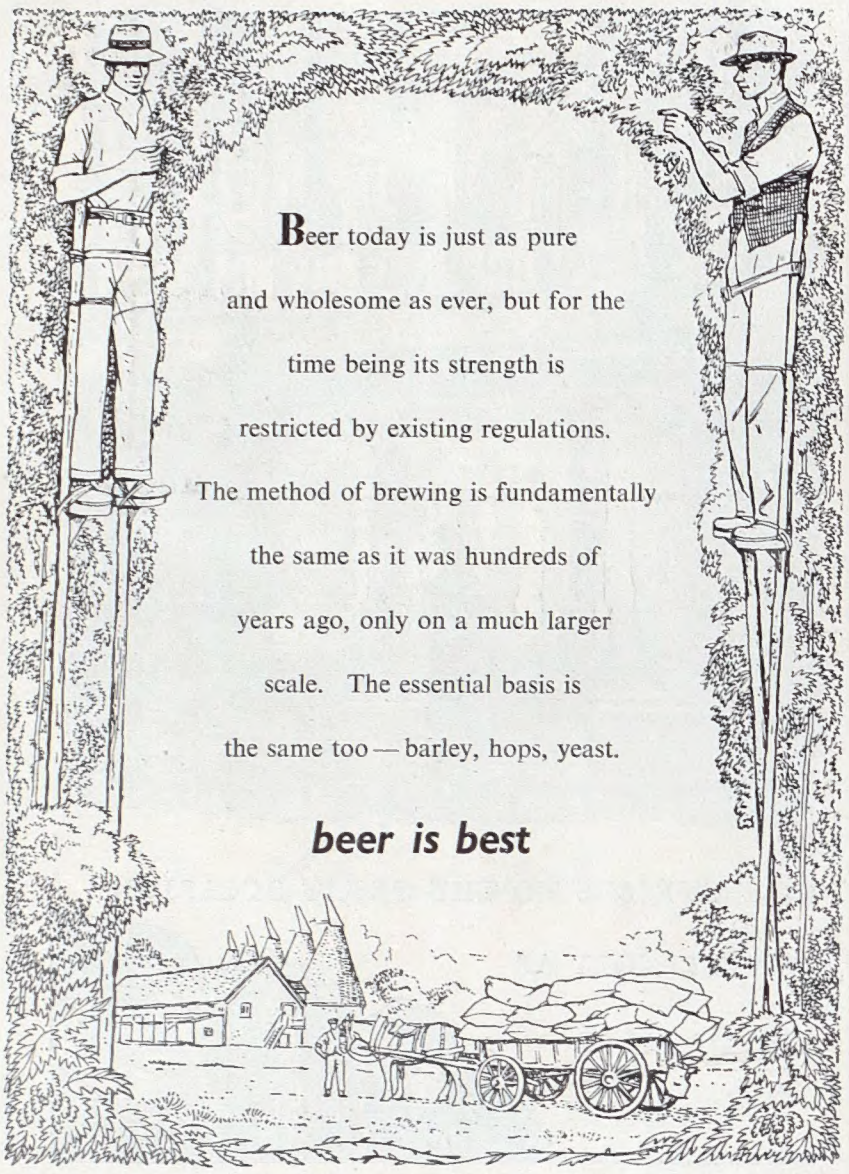

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